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Andrew H. Ward.
Salem.

UP THE RHINE.

BY

THOMAS HOOD.

With Comic Illustrations.

SECOND PART.

NEW-YORK:
G. P. PUTNAM & COMPANY, 10 PARK PLACE.
1852.

KD 45948

PART II.

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

My dear Gerard,—After the postscript of my last etter, you will not be surprised to hear, that a longer stay at Bonn was strongly objected to by my Uncle, who, having "not many days to live," sets a peculiar value on his nights. Like myself, he had been annoyed by the nocturnal rattling and singing,—and indeed he declared in the morning that he would as lief reside "next door to Vauxhall."

The arrival of the first steam-boat was therefore the signal for our departure; and bidding adieu to Bonn with an emphatic "*Peace be with you,*" we embarked in the Prince William. It had brought a tolerable assortment of tourists from Cologne, and amongst the rest our old acquaintance the Red-faced man. For some reason he fought particularly shy of my Uncle,—but with myself he was as communicative and complaining as usual. He gave me to understand that he had been prodigiously disgusted by the high Catholic mummeries at Cologne, and

still more annoyed by the companionship of the "Yellow-faced Yankee," who of course, to plague him, had taken up his quarters at the same hotel. "Renounce me," said he, "if I could get rid of him—for as we two were the only persons that spoke English in the house, he *would* converse with me, whether I answered or not. Consume his yellow body! he stuck to me like a mustard plaster, and kept drawing my feelings into blisters;—however, I've got a good start of him, for he talked of staying a whole week at Cologne." But alas! for the pleasant anticipations of Mr. John Bowker! He had barely uttered them, when the tumeric-colored American appeared running at full speed towards the steam-boat, followed by a leash of porters! "Say I told you so!" exclaimed the petrified citizen—"he'll haunt me up to Schaffhausen—he will, by all that's detestable—yes, there he comes on board"—and even as he spoke, the abhorred personage sprang into the vessel, followed by his three attendants. The Red-face could not smother a grunt of dissatisfaction at the sight, but what was his horror, when, after a few words with the conducteur, his old enemy walked straight up to him, and puffed a whiff of tobacco smoke into his very face! "It's an unpleasant sort of a fix," said he, "and in course only a mistake, but you've walked off with all my traps and notions instead of your own." "I've what?" gobbled the Red-face, its crimson instantly becoming shot with blue. "You've got my luggage, I guess," replied the Yellow-

face, "and if it's all the same to you I'll just take it ashore." The perplexed Bowker was too much agitated to speak; but hurrying off to the huge pile of bags and boxes, in front of the funnel, began eagerly hunting for his baggage. To his unutterable dismay he could not recognize a single article as his own. In the mean time the American appeared to enjoy the confusion, and in a dry way began to "poke his fun" at the unfortunate traveller. "Mister Broker, is that 'ere your leather trunk?" "No," growled the other. "In that case it's mine, I reckon." "Mister Broker, is that 'ere your carpet-bag?"—and in the same provoking style he went through nine or ten packages *seriatim*. "And where—where—the devil is my luggage then?" asked the bewildered Bowker. "The last time I see it," said the Yellow-face, "it was in the passage of the Mainzer Hof; and there it is still, I calculate, provided it hasn't been shipped downwards to Rotterdam." "To Rotterdam!" shouted the Red-face, literally dancing with excitement: "Gracious powers! what shall I do?" and then hastily turning round to appeal to the nearest by-stander, who happened to be my Aunt, "Renounce me, madam, if I have even got a clean shirt!" "It's all right," said the American, as the porters shouldered the last of his properties;—"it's an ugly job, that's the truth; but it might have been a considerable deal worse, and so I wish you a regular pleasant voyage up the rest of the Rhine."

"Say I told you so!" repeated the discomfited Bowker,

after a long hyena-like grin at the receding object of his aversion—"it was all as true as gospel—he *is* my evil genius and nothing else!—If it hadn't been for his yellow face—(here, you Sir, in the green apron—a glass of brandy and water—hot, and sweet, and strong!) if it hadn't been for his infernal yellow face, I say, I should have looked after my luggage! But he's my evil genius, Sir—I know it: renounce me if I don't believe he's the Devil himself! Why else don't his jaundice kill him—I should like to know that—why don't it kill him, as it would any one else?" Luckily his eloquence was here interrupted by the hot brandy and water; and the conducteur undertaking to forward the missing baggage to Coblenz, the crimson face gradually grew paler, whilst his temper cooled down in proportion, from the red heat of Cayenne pepper to that of the common sort.

The bell now rang, forewarning the passengers and their friends that it was time to separate; whereupon, to the infinite surprise of my Aunt, two remarkably corpulent old gentlemen tumbled into each other's arms, and exchanged such salutes as are only current in England amongst females, or between parties of opposite sexes. To our notions there is something repulsive in this kissing amongst men; but when two weather-beaten veterans, "bearded like the pard," or like Blücher, indulge in these labial courtesies, there is also something ludicrous in the picture. It is, however, a national propensity, like the bow-

ing; and to the same gentleman who told me the anecdote of Herr Klopp, I am indebted for a similar illustration.

"On the last New Year's Eve," said he, "being at Coblenz, I took it into my head to go to an occasional grand ball that was given at the civil Casino. The price of the tickets was very moderate; and the company was far more numerous than select. Indeed a Frenchman of the time of the republic might have supposed that it was a fête given in honor of the famous principle of Egalité—there was such a commixture of all ranks. At one step I encountered the master tailor who had supplied the coat on my back; at another, I confronted the haberdasher of whom I had purchased my gloves and my stock;—the next moment I was brushed by a German baron—and then I exchanged bows with his Excellency the Commander of the Rhenish Provinces. There was, however, a sort of West-end to the room, where the fashionables and the Vons seemed instinctively to congregate; whilst the bulk of the bourgeoisie clustered more towards the door. Dancing began early, and by help of relays of performers, one incessant whirl of gown-skirts and coat-tails was kept up until midnight, when, exactly at twelve o'clock, the advent of another year was announced by the report of some little cannons in an adjoining room. The waltz immediately broke up, and in an instant the whole crowd was in motion, males and females, running to and fro, here and there, in and out, like a swarm of ants, when you invade their nest. Whenever

any two individuals encountered, who were friends or acquaintance, they directly embraced, with a mutual exclamation of 'Prosit Neue Jahr!' Bald, pursy old gentlemen trotted about crony-hunting—and sentimentally falling on each other's waistcoats, hugged, bussed, and renewed their eternal friendships for twelve months to come. Mature dowagers bustled through the moving maze on the same affectionate errands; whilst their blooming marriageable daughters, seeking out their she-favorites, languished into each other's fair arms, and kissed lips, cheeks, necks, and shoulders,—none the less fondly that young, gay, and gallant officers, and tantalized bachelors were looking on. I stumbled on my tailor, and he was kissing—I came across my linen-draper, and he was being kissed:—I glanced up at the musicians, and they were kissing in concert! It was a curious and characteristic scene; but remembering that I was neither saluting nor saluted, and not liking to be particular, I soon caught up my hat, and passing the doorkeeper, who was kissing the housekeeper, I kissed my own hand to the Coblenz casino, and its New Year's Ball."

And now, Gerard, could I but write scenery as Stanfield paints it, what a rare dioramic sketch you should have of the thick-coming beauties of the abounding river:—the Romantic Rolandseck—the religious Nonnenwerth—the Picturesque Drachenfels! But "Views on the Rhine" are little better than shadows even in engravings, and would fare still worse in the black and white of a letter. Can

THE OMNI-BUSS.

the best japan fluid give a notion of the shifting lights and shades, the variegated tints of the thronging mountains—of the blooming blue of the Sieben Gebirge? Besides, there is not a river or a village but has been done in pen and ink ten times over by former tourists. Let it be understood then, once for all, that I shall not attempt to turn prospects into prospectuses,

"And do all the gentlemen's seats by the way."

I must say a few words, however, on a peculiarity which seems to have escaped the notice of other travellers: the extraordinary transparency of the atmosphere in the vicinity of the Rhine. The rapidity of the current, always racing in the same direction, probably creates a draught which carries off the mists that are so apt to hang about more sluggish streams—or to float lazily to and fro with the ebb and flow of such tide rivers as the Thames: certain it is, that the lovely scenery of the "arrowy Rhine" is viewed through an extremely pure medium. To one like myself, not particularly lynx-sighted, the effect is as if some fairy euphrasy had conferred a supernatural *clairvoyance* on the organs of vision. Trees and shrubs, on the crests of the hills, seem made out, in the artist phrase, to their very twigs; and the whole landscape appears with the same distinctness of detail as if seen through an opera-glass or spectacles. To mention one remarkable instance: some miners were at work on the face of a high precipitous

mountain near Unkel;—the distance from the steamer was considerable, so that the blows of their sledges and pickaxes were quite unheard; yet there were the little figures, plying their tiny tools, so plainly, so apparently close to the eye, that it was difficult to believe that they were of the common dimensions of the human race. Had those dwarf miners, the Gnomes of German romance, a material as well as a fabulous existence? Of course not: but I could not help thinking that I saw before me the source whence tradition had derived the Lilliputian mine-haunting elfins of the Wisperthal, who constructed the Devil's Ladder.

I was rather disappointed at Bonn, by the first sight of what sounds so poetically, a vineyard. The stunted vines, near at hand, are almost as prosaical as so many well-grown gooseberry bushes—indeed a hop-ground beats a vineyard all to sticks, or more properly all to poles—as a picturesque object: but in some degree the graperies have since redeemed themselves. They serve to clothe the hills with a pleasant verdure; and at a distance give a *granulated* appearance to a blue mountain, which has something artistic about it, like the tint on a rough drawing-paper compared with the sleekness of the same tint on a smooth Bristol card-board. In the autumn, when the leaves change color, the vines become still more pictorially valuable to the eye, as during the season of their blossoming they are peculiarly grateful to another sense by their rich fragrance.

Besides, there is occasionally something morally interesting in the mode of their culture: for instance, at the Erpeler Ley, where the vines literally grow from baskets filled with earth, which are carried up and planted in all practicable holes and corners of the barren rock. In other places, the precarious soil, in terrace under terrace, is secured from sliding down the shelving mountain, by dwarf walls of loose stones, which, at a distance, look like petty fortifications. Considering these toilsome expedients, and their vinous product, one may truly exclaim,

"Hic, labor, *Hock* opus est!"

As you leave the open country around Bonn, the towns and villages become more retired in their habits, the natives creeping like earwigs and cock-roaches into the cracks and crevices of the land, where their habitations are crowded into such narrow gorges and gulleys as to be only visible when you are right abreast of these ravines. You then discover a huddle of houses, with dark high-pitched roofs, pierced with two or three rows of port-holes—such dwellings presenting a very quaint and picturesque but Doubly Hazardous appearance,—whole villages having, seemingly, been built by some speculating timber-merchant, who found his staple was quite a drug in the market. Accordingly every front, back, or gable, is profusely interlaced with beams and rafters, not in conformity with any architectural rules, but stuck in as uprights,

cross-pieces, and diagonals, by mere chance or caprice. Imagine this intricate wood-work, either painted or of sundry natural hues,—that the wall between is white-washed (Hibernicé) with bluish, yellowish, reddish, or verdant tints—pale pinks, lilac, salmon color, bleu-de-ciel, pea-green, and you may form some idea of the striped and motley aspect of a Rhenish village. A church spire generally rises above the dark-clustered roofs; and a number of little chapels, like religious outposts, are perched on the neighboring heights.

Amongst the churches, there is a steeple of common occurrence, which, from a particular point of view, reminds one of the roofs in certain pictures that are rather older than the rules of perspective.

A comfortable life the inhabitants of the Rhenish towns and villages must have had under the sway of the Knight-Hawks, whose strongholds invariably frowned on some adjacent crag! Can you imagine a timid female, with weak nerves, or a mild gentlemanly sort of person, living at all in the Middle Ages? One of these noble robbers, the Count Henry of Sayn, mortally fractured the skull of a young boy by what was only meant for a paternal pat of the head: it is easy to suppose, then, how heavily fell the gauntleted hand, when it was laid on in anger. What atrocious acts of perfidy, barbarity, and debauchery, were openly or secretly perpetrated within those dilapidated castles! What fiendish contrivances for executing "wild

justice!" The cruel Virgin-Effigy, whose embrace was certain and bloody death! The treacherous Oubliette, with its trap, whereon to tread was to step, like Amy Robsart, from Time into Eternity! But the Freebooters are extinct, and their strongholds are now mere crumbling ruins; not the less beautiful for their decay to the painter or to the moralist. It must wholesomely stagger the prejudices of a *laudator temporis acti* to muse on those shattered monuments and their historical associations; nor would the spectacle be less salutary to a certain class of political theorists—as was hinted by my Uncle. "I'll tell you what, Frank, I do wish our physical-force men would hire a steamer and take a trip up the river Rhine; if it was only that they might see and reflect on these tumble-down castles. To my mind every one of them is like a grave-stone, set up at the death and burial of Brute Force."

Verily, these are but sorry Pleasures of Memory to be illustrated by such enchanting natural scenery as Rolandseck, the Nonnenwerth, and the Drachenfels! Apropos to which last, you will find inclosed a new version of "Der Kampf mit dem Drachen." It may have less romance than the indigenous legends, but, perchance all the more reality.

Along with these souvenirs of the "good old times," it was our fortune to have a sample of the good new ones. My Uncle had been alluding to some rumored insubordi-

nation amongst the Landwehr, encamped in readiness for the Autumnal Grand Manœuvres at Coblenz—when he was accosted by a stranger, who, apologizing for the liberty, begged to caution him against touching on such subjects. "It may bring you, Sir," said he, "into serious trouble—and you might be required to produce the parties from whom you had the report." My Uncle of course thanked his informant, but with a wry face, and soon fell into audible soliloquy: "Humph!—I thought it was written, He that hath an ear let him hear—but I suppose even the Scriptures are forbidden in such despotical countries. Well, it's all one to a dying man—or for my part I wouldn't live under such a suspicious government for a week!" I afterwards took occasion to inquire of the stranger if there was really any ground for apprehension, or such a system of espionage as his warning would seem to imply? "Ask Von Raumer," was his answer,—"or rather his book. He will tell you that the Prussian Police has been too busy in what he calls *fly-catching*, and has even driven patient people—and who so patient as the Germans?—to impatience. He will tell you that the folly of a day, the error of youth, is recorded in voluminous documents, as *character indelibilis;* and that the long list of sins is sent to Presidents and Ambassadors, that they may keep a sharp look-out after the guilty. Fly-catching may sound like a mild term, Sir, but not when you remember that the greatest of all fly-catchers are Butchers."

"And pray, Sir," I asked, "did any instance come under your own observation?" "Yes,—the very night of my first visit to Coblenz there was an arrest, and the Blue-bottle, the son of a President, was carried off in a cart, escorted by gens-d'armes, for Berlin. He has recently been pardoned, but under conditions, and after two long years of suspense—a tolerable punishment in itself, Sir, for a little buzzing!"

Nothing further of interest (scenery excepted) occurred in our progress. Passing ancient Andernach, Hoche's obelisk,—and liberal thriving Neuwied, a standing refutation of all intolerant theories, we at last approached the end of our voyage. The sun was setting behind Ehrenbreitstein, and whilst the massy rock and its fortress slept in solid shade, the opposite city of Coblenz, encircled by its yellow and loop-holed walls, shone out in radiant contrast,

"With glittering spires and pinnacles adorn'd."

The view is magnificent; especially when you command that "Meeting of the Waters," whence the city derives its name. The junction, indeed, is rather like an ill-assorted marriage, for the two rivers, in spite of their nominal union, seem mutually inclined to keep themselves to themselves. But so it is in life. I could name more than one couple, where, like the Rhine and the Moselle, the lady is rather yellow and the gentleman looks blue.

In a very few minutes the steamer brought up at the

little wooden pier just outside of the town-gates: and in as many more we were installed in the Grand Hotel de Belle Vue. You will smile to learn that our Hypochondriac has conceived such a love at first sight for Coblenz, that, forgetting his "warnings," he talks of spending a month here! Love to Emily from,

Dear Gerard, yours very truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

P.S.—I have found here a letter for me, *poste restante*, that has thrown the head of the family into an unusual tantrum. It seems that, by previous arrangement between the parties, in default of my Uncle's writing from Rotterdam it was to be taken for granted that he was defunct, in which case his old crony and attorney at Canterbury had full instructions how to proceed. The lawyer, not hearing from Rotterdam, has chosen to consider his client as "very dead indeed,"—and thereupon writes to advise me that he has proved the will, &c., &c., in conformity with the last wishes of my late and respected Uncle. Between ourselves, I suspect it is a plot got up between Bagster and Doctor Truby, by way of physic to a mind diseased; if so, the dose promises to work wholesomely, for our hypochondriac is most unreasonably indignant, and inconsistently amazed, at having his own dying injunctions so very punctually fulfilled!

THE KNIGHT AND THE DRAGON.

In the famous old times,
(Famed for chivalrous crimes)
As the legends of Rhineland deliver,
Once there flourished a Knight,
Who Sir Otto was hight,
On the banks of the rapid green river!

On the Drachenfels' crest
He had built a stone nest,
From which he pounced down like a vulture,
And with talons of steel
Out of every man's meal
Took a very extortionate multure.

Yet he lived in good fame,
With a nobleman's name,
As "Your High-and-Well-Born" address'd daily—
Tho' Judge Park in his wig,
Would have deemed him a prig,
Or a cracksman, if tried at th' Old Bailey.

It is strange—very strange!
How opinions will change!—

How Antiquity blazons and hallows
Both the man and the crime
That a less lapse of time
Would commend to the hulks or the gallows!

Thus enthrall'd by Romance,
In a mystified trance,
E'en a young, mild, and merciful Woman
Will recall with delight
The wild Keep, and its Knight,
Who was quite as much Tiger as Human!

Now it chanced on a day,
In the sweet month of May,
From his casement Sir Otto was gazing,
With his sword in the sheath,
At that prospect beneath,
Which our Tourists declare so amazing!

Yes—he gazed on the Rhine,
And its banks, so divine;
Yet with no admiration or wonder,
But the goût of a thief,
As a more modern Chief
Looked on London, and cried "What a plunder!"

From that river so fast,
From that champaign so vast,

He collected rare tribute and presents;
Water-rates from ships' loads,
Highway-rates on the roads,
And hard Poor-rates from all the poor Peasants!

When behold! round the base
Of his strong dwelling-place,
Only gained by most toilsome progression,
He perceived a full score
Of the rustics, or more,
Winding up in a sort of procession!

"Keep them out!" the Knight cried,
To the Warders outside—
But the Hound at his feet gave a grumble!
And in scrambled the knaves,
Like Feudality's slaves,
With all forms that are servile and humble.

"Now for boorish complaints!
Grant me patience, ye Saints!"
Cried the Knight, turning red as a mullet;
When the baldest old man
Thus his story began,
With a guttural croak in his gullet!

"Lord Supreme of our lives,
Of our daughters, our wives,

Our she-cousins, our sons, and their spouses,
Of our sisters and aunts,
Of the babies God grants,
Of the handmaids that dwell in our houses!

"Mighty master of all
We possess, great or small,
Of our cattle, our sows, and their farrows;
Of our mares and their colts,
Of our crofts, and our holts,
Of our ploughs, of our wains, and our harrows!

"Noble Lord of the soil,
Of its corn and its oil,
Of its wine, only fit for such gentles!
Of our carp and sour-kraut,
Of our carp and our trout,
Our black bread, and black puddings, and lentils!

"Sovran Lord of our cheese,
And whatever you please—
Of our bacon, our eggs, and our butter,
Of our backs and our polls,
Of our bodies and souls—
O give ear to the woes that we utter!

"We are truly perplex'd,
We are frighted and vex'd,

Till the strings of our heart are all twisted;
We are ruined and curst,
By the fiercest and worst
Of all Robbers that ever existed!"

"Now by Heav'n and this light!"
In a rage cried the Knight,
"For this speech all your bodies shall stiffen!
What! by Peasants miscall'd!"
Quoth the man that was bald,
"Not your honor we mean, but a Griffin.

"For our herds and our flocks,
He lays wait in the rocks;
And jumps forth without giving us warning;
Two poor wethers, right fat,
And four lambs after that,
Did he swallow this very May morning!"

Then the High-and-Well-Born
Gave a laugh as in scorn,
"Is the Griffin indeed such a glutton!
Let him eat up the rams,
And the lambs, and their dams—
If I hate any meat it is mutton!"

"Nay, your Worship," said then
The most bald of old men,

"For a sheep we would hardly thus cavil;
If the merciless Beast
Did not oftentimes feast
On the Pilgrims, and people that travel."

"Feast on what?" cried the Knight,
Whilst his eye glisten'd bright
With the most diabolical flashes—
"Does the Beast dare to prey
On the road and highway?
With our proper diversion that clashes!"

"Yea, 'tis so, and far worse,"
Said the Clown, "to our curse;
For by way of a snack or a tiffin,
Every week in the year
Sure as Sundays appear,
A young Virgin is thrown to the Griffin!"

"Ha! Saint Peter! Saint Mark!"
Roar'd the Knight, frowning dark,
With an oath that was awful and bitter:
"A young maid to his dish!
Why what more could he wish,
If the Beast were High Born, and a Ritter!

"Now by this our good brand,
And by this our right hand,

By the badge that is borne on our banners,
If we can but once meet
With the Monster's retreat,
We will teach him to poach on our Manors!"

Quite content with this vow,
With a scrape and a bow,
The glad Peasants went home to their flagons,
Where they tippled so deep,
That each clown in his sleep
Dreamt of killing a legion of Dragons!

Thus engaged, the bold Knight
Soon prepared for the fight
With the wily and scaly marauder;
But ere battle began,
Like a good Christian man,
First he put all his household in order.

"Double bolted and barr'd
Let each gate have a guard"—
(Thus his rugged Lieutenant was bidden)
"And be sure, without fault,
No one enters the vault
Where the Church's gold vessels are hidden.

"In the dark Oubliette,
Let yon Merchant forget

That he e'er had a bark richly laden—
And that desperate youth,
Our own rival forsooth!
Just indulge with a Kiss of the Maiden!

"Crush the thumbs of the Jew
With the vice and the screw,
Till he tells where he buried his treasure;
And deliver our word
To yon sullen caged Bird,
That to-night she must sing for our pleasure!"

Thereupon, cap-a-pee,
As a Champion should be,
With the bald-headed Peasant to guide him,
On his War-horse he bounds,
And then, whistling his hounds,
Prances off to what fate may betide him!

Nor too long do they seek,
Ere a horrible reek,
Like the fumes from some villanous tavern,
Sets the dogs on the snuff,
For they scent well enough,
The foul Monster coil'd up in his cavern!

Then alighting with speed
From his terrified steed,

Which he ties to a tree for the present,
With his sword ready drawn,
Strides the Ritter High-born,
And along with him drags the scared peasant!

"O Sir Knight, good Sir Knight!
I am near enough quite—
I have shown you the Beast and his grotto:"
But before he can reach
Any farther in speech,
He is stricken stone-dead by Sir Otto!

Who withdrawing himself
To a high rocky shelf,
Sees the Monster his tail disentangle
From each tortuous coil,
With a sudden turmoil,
And rush forth the dead Peasant to mangle.

With his terrible claws,
And his horrible jaws,
He soon moulds the warm corse to a jelly;
Which he quickly sucks in
To his own wicked skin
And then sinks at full stretch on his belly.

Then the Knight softly goes,
On the tips of his toes,

To the greedy and slumbering Savage,
And with one hearty stroke
Of his sword, and a poke,
Kills the Beast that had made such a ravage.

So, extended at length,
Without motion or strength,
That gorged Serpent they call the Constrictor,
After dinner, while deep
In lethargical sleep,
Falls a prey to his Hottentot victor.

"'Twas too easy by half!"
Said the Knight with a laugh;
"But as nobody witness'd the slaughter,
I will swear, knock and knock,
By Saint Winifred's clock,
We were at it three hours and a quarter!"

Then he chopt off the head
Of the Monster so dread,
Which he tied to his horse as a trophy;
And, with Hounds, by the same
Ragged path that he came,
Home he jogg'd proud as Sultan or Sophy!

Blessed Saints! what a rout
When the news flew about,

And the carcase was fetch'd in a wagon;
What an outcry rose wild
From man, woman, and child—
"Live Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Dragon!"

All that night the thick walls
Of the Knight's feudal halls
Rang with shouts for the wine-cup and flagon;
Whilst the Vassals stood by,
And repeated the cry—
"Live Sir Otto, who vanquished the Dragon!"

The next night, and the next,
Still the fight was the text,
'Twas a theme for the Minstrels to brag on!
And the Vassals' hoarse throats
Still re-echoed the notes—
"Live Sir Otto who vanquish'd the dragon!"

There was never such work
Since the days of King Stork,
When he lived with the Frogs at free quarters!
Not to name the invites
That were sent down of nights,
To the villagers' wives and their daughters!

It was feast upon feast,
For good cheer never ceased,

And a foray replenish'd the flagon;
And the Vassals stood by,
But more weak was the cry—
"Live Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the dragon!"

Down again sank the sun,
Nor were revels yet done—
But as if ev'ry mouth had a gag on,
Tho' the Vassals stood round,
Deuce a word or a sound
Of "Sir Otto who vanquish'd the Dragon!"

There was feasting aloft,
But, thro' pillage so oft
Down below there was wailing and hunger;
And affection ran cold,
And the food of the old,
It was wolfishly snatch'd by the younger!

Mad with troubles so vast,
Where's the wonder at last
If the Peasants quite alter'd their motto?—
And with one loud accord
Cried out "Would to the Lord
That the Dragon had vanquish'd Sir Otto!"

TO PETER BAGSTER, ESQ., CANTERBURY.

My dear Peter,—I am not a man to be easily shocked, but I don't know when I've been more struck of a heap, since my pitch off Jupiter into the gravel-pit, than by your precious letter to my nephew. Suppose you did not hear from me, what then? A hundred things might turn up to prevent my taking pen in hand—but no,—dead I was to be, and dead I am, and I suppose stuck into all the newspapers, with a flourish about my Xtian fortitude and resignation. I know I named Rotterdam, but why didn't you wait for my letter from Nimeguen? I cannot help thinking that, as an old friend, you might have stayed a post or two, and hoped for the best, instead of taking a flying leap to such a melancholy conclusion. Even as an old sportsman, you ought to have known better, than to cry who-oop before I was fairly run into. God knows, I am but too likely to die every day and hour of my life, without being killed before my time. If it had been a first warning, there was some excuse for giving me over—but you know as well as any one, how many fatal attacks I have pulled through in the most miraculous manner. Go I must, and suddenly, but owing to a wonderful original constitution, as you are well aware of, I die particularly hard. Besides, you and Truby were always incredulous, and even if you had seen me laid out in my coffin, it's my belief you would

both have sworn it was all sham abram. I must say, Peter, it has gone to my heart. Five-and-twenty years have we been hand and glove, more like born brothers than old friends, and here you knock me on the head with as little ceremony as a penny-a-line fellow would kill the Grand Turk, or the king of France. Hang me, Peter, if I can believe you are your own man. As for proving the Will, and so forth, it's the first time I ever knew you to be prompt in law business, instead of quite the reverse; for, asking your pardon, you did not get the nickname of "Lord Eldon" for nothing amongst your clients in Kent. Then to put the whole house into mourning! I don't mind expense; but it goes against the grain to be made ridiculous, and a laughing-stock, which I shall be whenever I get back to Woodlands after being made a ghost of to my own servants. A rare joke it will be amongst them for John to be sent by a dead and gone master for a jug of ale! Besides, who knows but I may be run after by all the fools in the parish, and kissed and sung hymns to, and made a prophet of, for coming back out of my own grave, as you know your idiots down at Canterbury expected about Mad Thom!

But that is not the worst. You not only kill me out of hand, but, forsooth, you must take away my character to my own nephew. In your Burking letter to him you say, "and so, those gloomy forebodings which, amongst your late worthy Uncle's friends, were looked upon as mere nervous

fancies, and vaporish croakings, have, alas! been sadly fulfilled." Croakings indeed! I always knew I should die suddenly, and I always said so, and proved it by my symptoms and inward feelings; but is a man for that to be made out a complete hypochondriac, which I never was in my life! I don't wish to be harsh, but if anything *could* frighten and flurry such a poor hypped croaking creature as you have made of me, out of this world into the other, it would be just such an undertaker's black pall as you have chucked over me in the shape of a condoling letter! Luckily my own nerves are of a tougher texture, but poor Kate cried and sobbed over your infernal black-edged funeral sermon, with its comfortings and sympathizings, as if I had been fairly dead and buried in the family vault. However, I shall now drop the uncomfortable subject, hoping you will not take amiss a few words of serious advice, namely, not to treat an old friend like a defunct one, just because he don't write by every post that he is alive.

This plaguy business has so put me off the hooks, that you must excuse particulars as to our foreign travels. But I writ to Truby from Cologne, and what's better, I sent the Hock wine I bet him, and if you ride over, mayhap he will let you look at a bottle and the letter at the same time. At this present we are at Coblenz, where we have taken lodgings for a month. The truth is, it is all on poor Kate's account, for foreign travelling is harder work than in England, for females—and I shall not be sorry myself to

fetch up my sleep, for between shipboard and outlandish short beds, and strange bedding, and the musical disturbances at Bonn, I have never had one good night's rest since I left the Tower stairs.

But you must not go to suppose, old friend, from the month's lodgings, that I have better hopes of myself, or of a longer run; but there were no apartments to be had for a shorter time, and I was sick of the bustle of the Hotel. If I was foolish enough to try to forget my dispensation, I should have been reminded by two German funerals that passed this very morning to the parish church of St. Castor's, hard by. As you may like to know the ceremony—the hearse, very like a deer-cart, was covered by a black pall with a large white cross, and the letters B. S., which I suppose meant Burial Society; for, besides a cross-bearer and a flag-bearer, there were about a score of regular attendants, all carrying lighted tapers, and singing a hymn, though the solemnity of the thing was a little put out of sorts by the jerking antics of one man who kept rolling his head about like a Harlequin with St. Vitus's dance. The mourners walked behind the hearse, with a prodigious long train of friends and towns-folk; but after the service, they all dispersed at the Church door, whereby, the ground being a good mile out of town, the poor old gentleman went to his grave with only a boy with a cross before him, and nobody at all behind him; just as if he had gone off in a huff, or been sent to Coventry by all that belonged to him.

The same, to our English notions looking rather neglectful and disrespectful, and to my mind, not in character with such a romantical, feeling, and sentimental people as the Germans,—whereby I have made Frank promise to go to the ground, and see the last of me till I am fairly earthed. And it won't be long, poor fellow, before he is called to his sad duties. I feel sensibly worse since beginning this letter, and as such, old friend, your card of condolement was only wrong in point of date, and by the time this comes to hand may be a true bill, down to the hatbands and gloves.

* * * * * *

Since the above there has been another guess-sort of procession to old St. Castor's Church—namely, a marriage. Having lived single so long, without enlarging on my opinions of wedlock, you may guess their nature by what I may call my silent vote on the subject. But to judge by the young fellow who played bridegroom I must have been wrong all my days, for there must be as great difference of quality between single blessedness and the other, as between single Gloster and Stilton. Frank has sketched him off with his "tail,"—but blacklead pencil can give no notion of his action and movable airs. Zounds! you would have thought a Benedict was as much above a Bachelor as a thorough-bred to a cart horse. And mayhap so he is; but for my part, as Frank said, I could not make myself such a walking object in public, for the best

women. What's more, I cannot even guess how a bashful young fellow could get over a German courtship, if it's at all such a before-folk affair as is described by the Old Man in his Book of Bubbles—namely, a lover taking a romantic country walk with his intended, and eight or ten of her she-cronies, singing, laughing, and waltzing, after her heels. Without being particularly sheepish or shamefaced as a young man, I don't think I could have gone sweet-hearting with half a score of bouncing girls, ballad-singing, and whirligigging along with me, all agog, of course, to see how love was made, giggling at my tender sentiments, and mayhap scoring every kiss like a notch at cricket, provided one could have the face to kiss at all in such a company. But foreign love-making is like foreign cookery; an egg is an egg all the world over, but there are a hundred ways of dishing it up.

And now, old friend, God bless you and all your family, by way of a last farewell from your old and faithful friend,

RICHARD ORCHARD.

I wish you could see the breed of pigs in these parts. They are terribly long in the legs, and thin in the flanks, and would cut a far better figure at a Coursing Meeting than a Cattle Show. Some of them quite run lean enough for greyhounds.

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

My dear Gerard,—You will not be sorry to receive tidings of a person whose mysterious disappearance, some two or three years back, cost us both some speculation. Yesterday, whilst looking at the monument of Cuno of Falkenstein, in the venerable church of St. Castor, I was accosted by name, and with some difficulty recognized under a German cap and kittel, our old friend Markham. In answer to my inquiries, he told me a new edition of the old story—of "becoming security for a friend," &c.; in short, he had come abroad to retrench, and selected this bank of the Rhine for his saving-bank. From what I could learn, the experiment had not answered his expectations. "You remember," said he, "our laughing at a written notice stuck up at the Opera House in London, enforcing certain exclusive regulations, in consequence of the great *affluence* of strangers behind the scenes! In the same sense, the great affluence of strangers up the Rhine has not only had the effect of raising the price of every article, but with its proper meaning, the supposed affluence of the English travellers has generated a proportionate spirit of rapacity and extortion. I reckon, for instance, that I am charged a third more than a native on my whole expenditure, so that you see there is not so much room left for saving."

Of course the opinions of a disappointed man must be received *cum grano salis*,—but in the main Markham's statements agree with those of Grundy, and though his remarks have occasionally a splenetic tone, yet he "gives his reasons." On some topics his outbreaks are rather amusing. Thus, when I asked if he did not find the natives a very good, honest sort of people, he replied to my question by another—"Do you expect that the descendants of our Botany Bay convicts will be remarkable for their strict notions of *meum* and *tuum*?" "Of course not," said I; "but the honesty of the German character has been generally admitted." "Granted," said he, "but there is such a thing as giving a dog a good name as well as a bad one, upon which he lives and thrives as unjustly as another is pitch-forked or shot with slugs. That the Germans are honest as a nation I believe, as regards your Saxons, Bavarians, Austrians, or north-countrymen,—but as for your Coblenzers, and the like, whence were they to derive that virtue? Was the *rara avis* hatched in any of the robbers' nests so numerous in these provinces? Was it inculcated by the ministers of their religion? An Archbishop of Cologne, when asked by one of his retainers how he was to subsist, significantly pointed out, that the Knight's castle overlooked four highways, and hinted to his vassal that, like Macheath, he must take to the road. No, no,—if the Rhinelanders be particularly honest, they were indebted for their education, like Filch in the Beg-

gars' Opera, to very light-fingered schoolmasters. Why, every Baron in the land was a bandit, and half the common people, by a regularly organized system, were either Journeymen Robbers or Apprentices. That's matter of history, my boy! At any rate, if Rhenish honesty be a fact, our prison philanthropists are all wrong; and Mrs. Fry and the Sheriffs, who are so anxious to separate the juvenile convicts from the accomplished thieves, ought immediately to take a trip up the Rhine. Instead of classification and moral instruction, the true way would be something like this:—take a clever boy, bring him up like a young Spartan—reward him for successful picking and stealing—strike the eighth commandment out of his catechism—send him to school in Newgate, and let Bill Soames be his private tutor; do all this, and expect eventually to discover him the Honest Man that Diogenes couldn't find with his lanthorn!" "Do you speak," I asked, "from theory or from experience?" "From both," said he; "and comparing the Middle Ages with the modern ones, I cannot help thinking that an extortion of some 30 per cent. on all foreign travellers on the Rhine, has a strong smack of the old freebooting spirit."

On leaving St. Castor's we saw, directly opposite the porch, the well-known fountain with its celebrated inscriptions:—

ANNO 1812.

"Mémorable par la Campagne contre les Russes, sous la Préfecture de Jules Douzan."

"Vu et approuvé, par nous, Commandant Russe de la Ville de Coblentz, le 1er Janvier, 1814."

"There!" said Markham, pointing to the graven words, "there are two sentences which have caused far more cackling than they deserved. The adulation of Mayors and prefects is too common, for the erection of a monument on any occasion, or no occasion at all, to be a matter of wonder. But the mere undertaking an expedition against Russia *was* a memorable event in the career of Napoleon, whatever its ultimate result. As for the Russian General, he might naturally be astonished and delighted to find himself in command of a city on the Rhine, and its obelisk; but his comment, if it points any moral at all, chiefly recalls the uncertainty of all human calculations. As a sarcasm it is feeble, with a recoil on himself; for where is St. Priest now, or who hears his name? Whereas, the spirit of the French Emperor still lives and breathes on the banks of the Rhine—aye, in Coblenz itself—in his famous Code!"

Our old acquaintance volunteering to be my guide, we made the round of the sights of the town, which are not very numerous, as the valets-de-place are well aware when they eke out their wonders with an old barrack or a street-pump. So having seen the new Palace, the house that cradled Prince Metternich, the Jesuits' Church with its surprising cellars, and some other local "Lions" and cubs, we adjourned to Markham's lodgings, where, after ascending a

dark, dirty, circular staircase, we entered an apartment with a visible air of retrenchment about it; for, with mere apologies for window-curtains, it had given up carpets, and left off fires. The only ornamental piece of furniture, for it certainly was not useful, was the sofa, which on trial afforded as hard and convex a seat as a garden-roller. "Rather different from my old snuggery in Percy Street," said my host with a dubious smile. "There is not, indeed, much sacrifice to show," I replied, "but perhaps the more solid comfort." "Comfort, my dear fellow!" cried Markham, "the Germans don't even know it by name; there's no such word in the language! Look at the construction of their houses! A front door and a back door, with a well staircase in the middle, up which a thorough draught is secured by a roof pierced with a score or two of unglazed windows; the attics by this airy contrivance serving to dry the family linen. Make your sitting-room, therefore, as warm as you please, with that close fuming, unwholesome abomination, a German stove, and the moment you step out of the chamber door, it is like transplanting yourself, in winter, from the hot-house into the open garden. To aggravate these discomforts, you have sashes that won't fit, doors that don't shut, hasps that can't catch, and keys not meant to turn! Then, again, the same openings that let in the cold, admit the noise; and for a musical people, they are the most noisy I ever met with. Next to chorus singing, their greatest delight seems to be in the everlasting

sawing and chopping up of fire-wood at their doors; they even contrive to combine music and noise together, and the carters drive along the streets smacking a tune with their whips!"

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Markham, a handsome, but careful-looking personage, to whom I was cordially introduced. Indeed she confessed to trouble, especially a severe illness of her husband soon after their arrival at Coblenz—not to mention all the minor annoyances and inconveniences of living in a foreign country without any knowledge of the language. "But those little trials," she said, "are now things to laugh over, although they were sufficiently harassing at the time." "My chicken for instance," cried Markham, with a chuckle at the remembrance. "You must know, that Harriet here took it into her kind head that, as I was an invalid, I could eat nothing but a boiled fowl. The only difficulty was how to get at it, for our maid does not understand English, and her mistress cannot speak anything else. However, Gretel was summoned, and the experiment began. It is one of my wife's fancies that the less her words resemble her native tongue, the more they must be like German; so her first attempt was to tell the maid that she wanted a cheeking, or a keeking. The maid opened her eyes and mouth, and shook her head. 'It's to cook,' said her mistress, 'to coke—to put in an iron thing—in a pit—pat—pot.' 'Ish verstand nisht,' said the maid in her Coblenz patois. 'It's

a thing to eat,' said her mistress, 'for dinner—for deener—with sauce—soase—sowse.' But the maid still shrugged her shoulders. 'What on earth am I to do!' exclaimed poor Harriet, quite in despair, but still making one last attempt. 'It's a live creature—a bird—a bard—a beard—a hen—a hone—a fowl—a fool—a foal—it's all covered with feathers—fathers—feeders—fedders!' 'Hah, hah!' cried the delighted German, at last getting hold of a catchword, 'Ja! ja! fedders—ja wohl!' and away went Gretel, and in half an hour returned triumphantly with *a bundle of stationer's quills!*"

The truth of this domestic anecdote was certified by Mrs. M. herself. "But I was more successful," she said, "the next morning; for on Gretel opening her apron, after marketing, out tumbled a long-legged living cock, who began stalking about, and chuckling with surprise to find himself in a drawing-room. At last, on the third day I succeeded, for I did obtain a dead fowl, and reckoned myself fortunate, even though it came in after all, roasted instead of boiled."

"But now you know something of the language," said I, "you fare sumptuously, of course, for it's a luxuriant country." "To the eye," so replied Markham, "it is lovely indeed; and, at a first-rate hotel, where you enjoy the choicest of its productions, it may keep its promise. But for a private table, just listen to our bill of fare. Indifferent beef—veal killed at eight days old—good mutton,

but at some seasons not to be had—poultry plentiful, but ill-fed—game in moderation. No sea-fish——yes, oysters, as big, shell and all, as a pennypiece, and six shillings a hundred. You hear of salmon-fisheries, but the steamers have frightened away the fish. I have seen about six here in two years, and have been asked two dollars a pound: perch 3*d.* and 4*d.* per pound; and worthless chub and barbel *ad libitum.* No good household bread—it is half rye—and wheaten flour is only to be bought at the pastry-cook's; good vegetables, but the staple one, potatoes, small and waxy, such as we should call *chats* in England, and give to the pigs. Fruit abundant, but more remarkable for quantity than quality, and often uneatable from vermin, —for example, cherries, fine to look at, but every one containing a worm. For foreign fruit, you may have indifferent oranges at 4*d.* to 5*d.* each. Coffee reasonable and good—tea as dear and bad. Then for wine, the lower sorts of Rhenish and the Moselle are cheap and excellent; but the superior kinds are easier to procure in London than on the Rhine. Foreign wines you may have at pleasure—for your honest Rhinelanders have little to learn in the arts of adulteration and simulation. Thus you have Bavarian beer brewed at Coblenz; Westphalia hams cured in Nassau; Florence oil extracted from Rhenish walnuts; French Cognac, Bordeaux, and Champagne, made from German potatoes and grapes; English gin distilled at Düsseldorf; and Gorgona anchovies, caught in the Rhine. Perhaps you

are not aware, that in addition, the Germans are the most notorious poison-mongers in Europe?"

I stared, as you may suppose, at such an assertion. "It is true, however," said Markham, "some of their physicians have detected an active poison in their national blood-sausages;—a little while back there were proclamations in the papers against poisonous-colored sugar-plums; Mr. Kraus of Düsseldorf found their potato-brandy so poisonous, as to attribute to its use most of the crimes committed in Rhenish Prussia;—and of course you are aware of the experiments in London with the poor finches and the poisonous German candles!"

"Now he is too bad—isn't he?" interposed Mrs. Markham, with a smile. "But it is half a joke and whim. Would you believe it, Sir, he has set me against all the beer in the place, on account of an establishment facing the Moselle, inscribed, oddly enough, 'Baths and Beer Brewery.' He will have it, that as hot malt is recommended in some cases by the German doctors, the two businesses are only brought under one roof for the natives to bathe in the beer!"

"And why not?" said Markham. "Does not Head say that at Schwalbach they bathe in the mullagatawny soup, and at Wiesbaden in the chicken-broth? But to return to our subject, the advantages of living in Coblenz. It may be otherwise, elsewhere in Germany; but as a general principle, take my word for it, the grand difference is not in

the cost, but in the manner of living. As for retrenchment, on the same plan it might be effected in London. Lodge in a second floor—dispense with a carpet,—have as little and as plain furniture as possible—burn wood in a German stove—keep a cheap country servant—buy inferior meat, chats, and rye-bread—drink Cape and table-beer—see no company—dress how you please—above all go to market, as you must do here, with your ready-money in your hand—then sum up, at the year's end, and I verily believe the utmost saving, by coming to such a place as this, would be some 10*l.* or 20*l.* to set off against all the deprivations and disadvantages of expatriation."

You will perceive a little sub-acid in Markham's statements; but allowing for that ingredient, his remarks seem deserving of consideration. I suspect it would require more philosophy than most persons possess, to reside in London with the indifference as to caste, appearances, and fashion, which his scheme requires; but that persons of limited incomes might live in the provinces, or in Scotland, as cheaply, and more comfortably, than on the Continent in general, appears to me very probable, and on various accounts highly desirable; especially as experience proves that a residence abroad is as injurious, as foreign travelling is beneficial, to the English character.

Wishing to make Markham known to my Uncle, I induced him to return with me to my lodgings. In our way we passed through the Place-d'Armes, a small square, sur-

rounded by lime-trees. "Here," said my companion, "is the scene of a recent and successful insurrection!" "Indeed!" I could not help exclaiming—"then it had but a small theatre, which I presume was the reason why the performance did not get into the English journals." "May be so," said he, "but here is the play-bill;" and taking a small slip of paper from his pocket-book, he read to me the following manifesto:—

NOTICE.

"The warm weather of spring now returning, it is again a common duty to clear the trees and bushes of caterpillars. Notice is therefore given, to all possessors of trees and bushes, to clear them from caterpillars, and to exterminate these destructive vermin. This clearing of the trees, &c., must be done *thoroughly* until the 10th of April. Any neglect in this respect will incur the punishment dictated by the laws of the police.

(Signed) "THE OBER-BURGERMEISTER."

"There," said Markham, "there's the proclamation! Now look up at those bare lime-trees, stripped of almost every leaf,—was there ever such a practical quiz on a despotic government? It has quelled the Frankfort rioters—it has dispersed the Heidelberg students—it has bridled and curbed young Germany, and tamed the Burschenschaft—but it cannot put down the Raupenschaft!

Think of a Prussian Ober-Burgermeister beaten by a blight! Imagine the first magistrate of the capital of the Rhenish provinces foiled by a secret society of grubs! Fancy the powerful prying Police defied by an association of maggots,—and Absolutism itself set at nought by a swarm of proscribed vermin! Nature at all events will not stand dictation; and so far from the insects being exterminated, they have got so much a-head in some parts of the country, that the proprietors of fruit-trees and bushes have had serious thoughts of cutting them all down!"

"Possibly," said I, "the authorities neglected to enforce their mandate by personal example. A Police Director might think it beneath his dignity to arrest a maggot; and a mounted gendarme would probably disdain to pursue a creeper." "Yes," added Markham, "and a ponderous Head-Burgomaster might naturally decline to swarm like 'possum up a gum-tree,' after an illegal caterpillar."

This conversation brought us to our lodgings, where we found my Uncle just recovering from a "warning," which had been accompanied by rather singular circumstances. It appears that at the Civil Casino, to which foreigners are liberally admitted, he had formed an acquaintance with a Mr. Schwärmer, who spoke a little English, and had offered to be his Cicerone to the Kuhkopf, the highest hill near Coblenz, and celebrated for the splendid view from the top. Probably our Hypochondriac was a little

blown by the steepness of the ascent, or rendered rather dizzy by the height: however, feeling some unusual sensations on reaching the summit, he immediately took it for granted that he was "going suddenly;" accordingly, deliberately preparing himself for his departure, first by sitting and then by lying down, he "composed his decent head to breathe his last." His calmness and business-like manner, I suppose, gave him an appearance of wilful premeditation to the act; for, according to Nunkle's account, he had no sooner intimated to his companion what was about to happen, than the other, falling into one of those suicidal fits of exultation, so prevalent in Germany, burst out with, "It is one sublime tort!—and here is one sublime place for it! I shall die too!" Whereupon, without more ceremony, he pulled a little phial of Prussic acid, or some other mortal compound, from his waistcoat pocket, and was proceeding to swallow the contents, when the dying man, jumping up, knocked down the bottle with one hand, and Mr. Schwärmer himself with the other, and then, totally forgetting his own extremity, walked off in double quick time, nor ever stopped till he reached his own door. Two full hours had elapsed since the occurrence, but between the walk home and his moral indignation, he had hardly cooled down when we arrived. "I'll tell you what, Frank," he said, on ending his story, "I never liked the four cross-roads, and the stake through a suicide's body, in England; but when I saw Mr. Swarmer going to

drink the deadly poison, hang *me* if I wasn't tempted to drive my own walking-stick into his stomach!"

"Perhaps, Sir," said Markham, "you are not aware that there was formerly a Club of Suicides in this very country. They were bound by a vow not only to kill themselves, but to induce as many persons as they could to follow their example. I have not heard that they made any proselytes, but they all died by their own hands—the last blew out his brains, if he had any, in 1817." "They ought to have been hung in effigy," said my Uncle. "A great many suicides," continued Markham, "were attributable to Werther, who brought felo-de-se quite into vogue." "That Vairter," said my Uncle, "ought to have been ducked in a horsepond." "He was a mere fiction, Sir, a creature of Goethe's," said Markham. "Then I would have Gooty ducked himself," said my Uncle. "Even at this day," said Markham, "there is Bettine, an authoress, who proclaims that one of her earliest wishes was to read much, to learn much, and to die young." "And did *she* kill herself, Sir?" asked my Aunt. "No, madam, she married instead; but her bosom-friend, dressed in white with a crimson stomacher, stabbed herself in such a position as to fall into the Rhine. Then again there was Louisa Brachmann, alias Sappho, so inclined to die young, that at fourteen years of age she threw herself from a gallery, two stories high." "And was killed on the spot, of course?" said my Aunt, with a gesture of horror. "No, madam,—she lived

to throw herself, five-and-twenty years afterwards, into the Saale." "How very dreadful!" shuddered out my Aunt. "Yes, madam, to English notions; but her German Biographer, or rather Apologist, says, that her first flight in her fourteenth year was only a lively poetical presentiment of that which weighed her down in her fortieth, namely, the beggarliness of all human pursuits compared with the yearnings of the soul." "She must have been a forward child of her age," remarked my Uncle, "to have seen and known the world so soon." "Now I think of it," said my Aunt, "I remember reading in the work of a female traveller in America, that on describing to a lady her emotions at the sight of Niagara, the other asked her if she did not feel a longing to throw herself down, and mingle with her mother earth?" "That was a German lady, you may be sure," said Markham, "or at least of German origin. The fact is, these people kill themselves for anything or nothing: for instance, I should be loath to trust a sentimental Prussian with himself, with his pipe out and an empty tobacco-bag. Young or old, 'tis all one. Only the other day there was a reward offered in the Rhein-und-Mosel-Zeitung for the body of an aged gray-haired man, describing his cap, his suit of hoddan gray, his blue woollen stockings, and buckled shoes. One would have thought that such a John Anderson might have had patience to 'toddle down' the hill of life like a Christian; but no—at the end of the advertisement there was an intimation, that

he was supposed to have thrown himself into a neighboring river! Talking of drowning—the same element is fatally used, as I have been well informed, in a very different manner. As ball-cartridge is not always to be got at, a common soldier inclined to self-murder, after loading his musket with powder, pours a quantity of water into the barrel; by which his head, provided it be held close to the muzzle, is frightfully blown to atoms. One fact more and I have done, for it literally out-Herods Herod. A Doctor whose name I forget, but it was given in the newspapers, not only determined to kill himself, but to bury himself into the bargain! With this view he dug a grave, in which he shot himself; the pistol, at the same time, firing a sort of mine filled with gunpowder, by the explosion of which, though the experiment only partially succeeded, he expected to be covered with earth and sand." "And, for my part," began my Uncle, "if I had been the Coroner for Germany"—"In Germany, my good sir, there is no Coroner." "Egad! I thought as much," cried my Uncle, "and, as it seems to me, no Schoolmaster or Clergyman either, or the people would know that, as Shakspeare says, the Almighty has fixed a canon against self-slaughter."

"Seriously," said Markham, "this propensity to suicide is a reproach which the Germans have to wipe away before they can justly claim the character of a moral, religious, or intellectual people. The more so, as it is not the vulgar and ignorant, but the educated and enlightened,—Scholars,

Doctors, Literati,—men that would be offended to be denied the title of Philosophers,—women that would be shocked not to be called Christians, who are thus apt to quench the lamp of life in unholy waters, or to shatter with a profane bullet 'the dome of thought, the palace of the soul.'"

And now, Gerard, as a sermon concludes the service, these grave strictures shall end my letter. My best love to Emily and yourself. Yours ever truly,

F. SOMERVILLE.

P. S.—We kept Markham to dine with us, after which he and I took a stroll to the other side of the Moselle Bridge, where the sight of a little chapel brilliantly lighted up, led to a conversation on the religious characteristics of the natives. According to our friend there is a good deal of bigotry extant in Coblenz, and a very active Propaganda, with a professional layman or two at its head, who aim at conversions wholesale and retail. "As an instance," said he, "there was an English family residing here, all Protestants. The head of it was occasionally absent on his travels, and one fine day at his return home—hey presto!—he found his wife, her aunt, and all his children, Roman Catholics!" By a whimsical coincidence, the anecdote had scarcely left his lips, when, turning a corner into the high road, who should we come upon plump, trudging up the hill at her best pace, with a huge unlighted wax taper in

her hand, but Martha, my Aunt's maid! The surprise pulled us all up short; but, before I could utter a word, she pitched her candle into the hedge, wheeled right-about with the alacrity of a Prussian soldier, fairly took to her heels, like a mad cow, and, aided by the descent, was out of sight in "no time at all." Markham, who understood the matter, burst into a loud laugh, and then explained to me the whole mystery; for which, if you are curious on the subject, you may consult the inclosed verses.

OUR LADY'S CHAPEL.

A LEGEND OF COBLENZ.

Whoe'er has cross'd the Mósel Bridge,
And mounted by the fort of Kaiser Franz,
Has seen, perchance,
Just on the summit of St. Peter's ridge,
A little open chapel to the right,
Wherein the tapers aye are burning bright;
So popular, indeed, this holy shrine,
At least among the female population,
By night, or at high noon, you see it shine,
A very Missal for *illumination!*

Yet, when you please, at morn or eve, go by
All other Chapels, standing in the fields,
Whose mouldy, wifeless husbandry but yields
Beans, peas, potatoes, mangel-wurzel, rye,

And lo! the Virgin, lonely, dark, and hush,
Without the glimmer of a farthing rush!

But on Saint Peter's Hill
The lights are burning, burning, burning still.
In fact, it is a pretty retail trade
To furnish forth the candles ready made;
And close beside the chapel and the way,
A chandler, at her stall, sits day by day,
And sells, both long and short, the waxen tapers,
Smarten'd with tinsel-foil and tinted papers.

To give of the mysterious truth an inkling,
Those who in this bright chapel breathe a pray'r
To "Unser Frow," and burn a taper there,
Are said to get a husband in a twinkling:
Just as she-glow-worms, if it be not scandal,
Catch partners with *their* matrimonial candle.

How kind of blessed saints in heav'n—
Where none in marriage, we are told, are giv'n—
To interfere below in making matches,
And help old maidens to connubial catches!
The truth is, that instead of looking smugly
(At least, so whisper wags satirical)
The votaries are all so old and ugly,
No man could fall in love but by a miracle.

However, that such waxen gifts and vows
Are sometimes for the purpose efficacious,
In helping to a spouse,
Is vouch'd for by a story most veracious.

A certain Woman, though in name a wife,
Yet doom'd to lonely life,
Her truant husband having been away
Nine years, two months, a week, and half a day,—
Without remembrances by words or deeds,—
Began to think she had sufficient handle
To talk of widowhood and burn her weeds,
Of course with a wax-candle.
Sick, single-handed with the world to grapple,
Weary of solitude, and spleen, and vapors,
Away she hurried to Our Lady's Chapel,
Full-handed with *two* tapers—
And pray'd as she had never pray'd before,
To be a bona fide wife once more.
"Oh Holy Virgin! listen to my prayer!
And for sweet mercy, and thy sex's sake,
Accept the vows and offerings I make—
Others set up one light, but here's *a pair!*

Her pray'r, it seem'd, was heard;
For in three little weeks, exactly reckon'd,
As blithe as any bird,
She stood before the Priest with Hans the Second;—

A fact that made her gratitude so hearty,
To "Unser Frow," and her propitious shrine,
She sent two waxen candles superfine,
Long enough for a Lapland evening party!

Rich was the Wedding Feast and rare—
What sausages were there!
Of sweets and sours there was a perfect glut:
With plenteous liquors to wash down good cheer
Brantwein, and Rhum, Kirsch-wasser, and Krug Bier,
And wine so *sharp* that ev'ry one was *cut.*
Rare was the feast—but rarer was the quality
Of mirth, of smoky-joke, and song, and toast,—
When just in all the middle of their jollity—
With bumpers fill'd to Hostess and to Host,
And all the unborn branches of their house,
Unwelcome and unask'd, like Banquo's Ghost,
In walk'd the long-lost Spouse!

What pen could ever paint
The hubbub when the Hubs were thus confronted!
The bridesmaids fitfully began to faint;
The bridesmen stared—some whistled and some grunted:
Fierce Hans the First look'd like a boar that's hunted;
Poor Hans the Second like a suckling calf:
Meanwhile, confounded by the double miracle,
The two-fold bride sobb'd out, with tears hysterical,
"Oh Holy Virgin, you're too good—*by half!*"

MORAL.

Ye Cóblenz maids, take warning by the rhyme,
And as our Christian laws forbid polygamy
For fear of bigamy,
Only light up *one* taper at a time.

TO REBECCA PAGE.

DEAR BECKY,—At long and at last here we be at Coblinse. It's a bewtiful Citty and well sekured all round with fortifide stone walls with eyelet holes to shoot thro, besides being under the purtection of a grate Castel on the other side of the river, as can batter the town all to bits in a minit. I thoght as well to rite and let you no we have took loggings here for a munth, but by wats to do it will be ni a fortnite afore we are domestically setteld. Missus has hired a Gurmin Maid to assist—her name is Catshins witch stands for Kitty and she can talk bad inglish perfickly. As a feller servent she is companionable and good humerd enuff, but dredful slow and dull headed. Wat do you think she did this blessid morning? Why kivered a panful of skalding hot milk with the plate as held the fresh lump, witch in coarse soon run into meltid butter! But in sich dilemmys she only hunches up her sholders to her ears and says "hish vise nit," and theres an

end. Howsumever she's very obleeging and yuseful to me in my new religun, such as teachin me to cross meself the rite way and wat I'm to do when I'm in a high Mess. I have practist fasting a littel by leaving off lunchis but Lord nose wat I'm to do on the Fish Days for theres nothink but stockfish and cabble yaw. But won comfort is if it don't come too hi for my pockit the Bishup will sell me a dispensary.

Between you and me I am going this evening to Virgen Mary's Chapel for if so be you present a wax candle at her, and pray with all yure hart and sole, they do say yure as shure of a Bo, as if you had him in yure hone pantry. Any hows its wurth the trial; Besides the hole town is chuck full of officers and milentary agin the Grate Sham Fites and Skrimmages, and as Mirakels don't stick at trifles who nose but I may be Missis Capting? But I hear Missus Bell.

Last nite the Germins being very parshal to dancing I went along with Catshins Cosen to a Grand Ball. There was moor than abuv a hundred of us in won Assembly room, but am sorry to say smoaking was aloud, witch quite spiled the genteel. Catshins Cosen asked me to dance and seeing several steddy lookin elderly women, jest such sober boddies as our Cook or Housekeeper standing up I made bold to accept, when all at once the music struck up and my Partner ketching me by the waste, willy nilly, away

we went on one leg spinning like pegtops and wirligiggin at such a rate I'm shure if my pore brains had been made of cream they would have turned into butter! All I could do was to skreek at the tiptop of my voice, but noboddy minded so I broke loose out of the ring and set meself down on the flore jest like frog in the middle, wile the res waltzed round and round me steddy elderly boddies and all —but it was sich a constant wirlin and twirlin the very room seemed running round and my head begun to swim so I was obleeged to lay down flat on my back and shut both my eyes. To add to my suffrings, afore going to the Ball I had my hair dressed by a reglar dresser, who drew it up alla Chinese, and tied it so tite atop that after gettin more and more paneful every minit I felt at last like being scollupt by a Tommy Hawkin wild Ingian! Howsumever, when the dance was over, my Partner cum and pickt me up and refreshed me with a glass of sumthing verry nasty, called snaps, but what with the frite and the giddiness and my headake and the snaps and the fumes of the filthy tobacker I was took with a faintness, and afore I could be assisted out of the assembly room, I was as sick saving yure presence as a dog. That spiled me a good gownd all-most new besides loosing my best hankicher in the bussle; but I mustn't grudge the xpense, considring us sarvents don't often get a nite's pleasure. Now I must brake off agin—but it isn't Missus this tim—but Catshins wanting to teach me my beeds.

Catshins sister has jest cum in with her babby. I do wish you could see it—such a littel figger rolled and twistid up like a gipsian mummy! The wust is of sich tite swadling if so be you don't put their pore little lims into the bandages quite strate, it follers to reason they will come out crookid—witch I supose is the way theres so many bandy boys about the streets—for I never see so menny rickitty objex in my born days. Why its called the Inglish Krankite by the Gurmins is best none to themselves; but I will say for the Kentish babbies they are well nust and strate in their legs, and whats more a Kentish woman wouldn't let her littel boys run about all unbuttond behind like so many Giddy Giddy Gouts, just as if they had no mother to *look after them.*

Catshins sister says there has been a shockin axident this morning in our naberhood. The climing boys in this town are grown up men instead of littel urchings as about Lonnon. Well, one of the men was sent for, to sweep a chimbly built up after the Inglish fashion, when by sum piece of bad luck or stupid-headness a fire was lited under him and down he came tumbling quite stiffled and sufocated with the smoak. So a Doctor was fetched in a hurry, and the moment he clapt eyes on the pore sutty object, wat in the wurld Becky do you think he said! "O, says he, I can do nothing for him—he's black in the face!"

To be sure a Doctor knows best—but for my part I never saw a chimbly sweeps' face of any other culler!

Oh Becky, I've had such a flustration! After asking Missus for an hour or so for going out in the evening I was jest on my road to the chappel I told you of, when afore I knowed where I was I almost ran full butt agin Mr. Frank. What becum of my bewtiful wax candle, wether I chuckt it away or yung Master took it out of my hand, I know no moor then the man in the moon I was in such a quandary. I verily beleave I run all the the way home without feeling the ground! As yet Missus hasn't said a word; but I think by way of preventive I shall give her warning. My nerves is too quivering to rite furder, xcept luve to all kind frends at Woodlands; I remane, dear Becky, yure luving frend forever and ever,

MARTHA PENNY.

TO MISS WILMOT, AT WOODLANDS.

MY DEAR MARGARET,—With any one else I should feel ashamed and alarmed at my long silence; but you well know the state of my nerves and feelings, and will give me credit for not wishing to disturb your happier thoughts with the effusions of my own bad spirits. Besides, I have met with so many annoyances and disagreeables! How-

ever, you will be glad to hear that I am getting more reconciled to foreign travelling: it is very fatiguing; but the lovely scenery, since we left Bonn, has almost repaid me for all my troubles by the way. I will not attempt to describe the beautiful mountains, the romantic old castles, and the pretty outlandish villages,—but whenever you marry, Margaret, pray stipulate for a wedding excursion up the Rhine. One painful thought, indeed, would intrude—if *he* could have enjoyed the scenery with me—for you remember poor George's fondness for picturesque views and sketching—but I must not be so ungrateful as to repine whilst our tour has brought such relief to my own mind, as well as amendment to my health. Even my brother seems to have benefited by the change of air and scene,—he is decidedly less hypped, and his warnings come at longer intervals. I even think he is getting a little ashamed of them, they have failed so very, very often—and especially since a letter from Mr. Bagster to Frank, supposing his Uncle to be deceased:—but above all, after a warning he had on the top of a mountain, when a ridiculous German offered to die along with him, which turned the tragedy into such a comedy, that my poor brother, as Frank says, threw up the part, and we have hopes will never perform in the piece again. He almost expressed as much to me, in relating this last attack. "I'm afraid, Kate," said he, "you will begin to think that I am as fond of dying over and over again as the famous Romeo Coates."

I am delighted with Coblenz, where we have taken lodgings for a month. For some days after our arrival we dined at the table-d'hôte, but I cannot say that I like the style of cookery. Somebody declares in his travels, that when a German dish is not sour it is sure to be greasy, and when it is not greasy it is certain to be sour; but the cook at our hotel went a step further in his art, for he contrived to make his dishes both sour and greasy at the same time. Luckily there were other things more English-like in their preparation—such as roast beef, though it was rather oddly introduced to me by the waiter—"Madame! some roast beast?"

Our cookery is now done at home under the superintendence of Martha, who agrees better than I expected with the German maid whom I have engaged. Perhaps there is some cause in the back-ground for this unusual harmony, but as yet it is only a suspicion: in the meantime, you will be amused with a scrape which poor Martha's allspicy temper got her into this morning as we were passing over the Rhine bridge. There is a toll on all provisions brought into the town, even to a loaf of bread; and men are stationed at each of the gates to collect it. We had often seen these officers, in a green uniform, stopping the country-people, and peeping into their baskets and bundles, with a rather strict vigilance; but I was hardly prepared to see one of them insisting on searching a baby. The poor mother loudly remonstrated against such an inspection, and

hugged her infant the closer to her bosom; but the man was inflexible, and at last seized hold of the child's clothes in a very rough manner. A struggle immediately took place between the officer and the woman, who was almost overcome, when she suddenly met with very unexpected assistance. Since the seizure of my unfortunate Dutch linen, the custom-house people have never been any favorites with Martha,—but besides this dislike, the assault on the baby aroused all her womanly feelings, and she flew to the rescue like a fury. In a very short time she had almost regained the little innocent, when to her inexpressible horror, as well as my own, owing to the violence of the scuffle, the body of the poor baby slipped through its clothes, and actually rolled some seconds on the ground, before we could feel convinced that it was only a fine leg of mutton!

It seems that the frequent visits of the supposed infant to Coblenz, in all weathers, had first excited suspicion; and one of the Douaniers remarked besides that the little dear came rather plumper from the country than it went back again from the town. Hence the *dénouement*, which raised an uproarious horse-laugh from the spectators, and not a little, you may suppose at the expense of my magnanimous maid.

There is no accounting for foreign customs, but it seems to me a very odd proceeding for the heads of a town to lay a tax on the persons who bring it victuals. I am sure food is not over plentiful here, to judge by the poor of the

place. This morning, a wretched famished-looking woman came to the kitchen, Martha tells me, to beg for "the broth that the ham was boiled in!" But oh! Margaret, in spite of their own wants and misery, how kind are the poor to the poor! At the next door, in an upper room, there is a harmless crazy woman, who, either from the poverty or the niggardliness of her relatives, is but scantily supplied with food. From the back of the house where she is confined, there runs a row of meaner dwellings, wholly occupied by common mechanics with their families,—and amongst the rest a sickly-looking weaver, so thin and sallow, that he looks like a living skeleton. At the height of the first floors, there is a sort of wooden gallery, common to all the inhabitants of the row, and on this platform, which is overlooked from my bed-room window, I often see her needy but kindly neighbors standing to talk to the unfortunate maniac, and thrusting up to her, on the end of a long stick, some morsel of food, such as a carrot or a potato, saved out of their own scanty meals. A rather comely young woman, who has several hungry-looking children, is one of the foremost in these daily charities. The first time I saw it, the sight so affected me, that I sent directly for all the bread in the house, and contrived to make myself understood by holding up a roll in one hand, and pointing to the mad woman's window with the other. The young wife was the first to observe the signal, and never, never shall I forget the delighted expression of

her countenance! It brightened all over with a smile quite angelical, as she clasped her hands together and uttered the word "Brod!" in a tone which convinced one that bread was a rarity in her own diet. In a minute the good warm-hearted creature was round at our door, to receive the rolls and some cold meat, which she took as eagerly, and thanked me for as warmly, as if they had been intended for herself, her lean husband, and her hungry children. But my commission was faithfully performed: and I had soon afterwards the gratification of hearing the poor crazy woman singing in a very different tone to her usual wailings. Of course I did not forget the young wife —but what are the best of our gifts—the parings of our superfluities—or even the Royal and Noble Benefaction, written up in letters of gold, to the generous donations of the humbler Samaritans, who, having so little themselves, are yet so willing to share it with those who have less! As I have read somewhere, "The Charity which Plenty spares to Poverty, is human and earthly; but it becomes divine and heavenly when Poverty gives to Want."

On the back of this occurrence I had a rather different scene. A woman, of the lower class, very shabbily dressed, found her way up to my room, and, by her manner, intimated to me that she came to beg. I was so impressed with the notion that she could want nothing but food, that I directly offered her some victuals there happened to be on the table, but which to my astonishment she declined. So

I summoned Kätchen, our German servant, to interpret, and after some conversation with the stranger, she told me in her broken English that the thing wanted was some "white Kleiden," at the same time pointing to her own gown. As the woman had made a motion with her finger round her head as if describing a fracture, it occurred to me that the white kleiden might be wanted for bandages, and going to a store of old linen which I always keep in reserve for such purposes, I made up a bundle of it for the poor creature, but, after a slight inspection, she rejected it, as it seemed to me, with no small degree of contempt. But I could get no better explanation—Kätchen still referred to her gown, and the woman waved her hand round her head. All at once the truth flashed across me—the secret was baby linen—a little night-gown and a nightcap—but I had no sooner suggested the notion to Kätchen, who repeated it to the other, than they both began to laugh. At last I sent for an old friend in need, the "German and English Dictionary," and by its help I managed to learn, that the woman wanted a white muslin frock for her youngest daughter to be confirmed in; and the motion round her head signified a wreath of artificial flowers. Although rather surprised by the nature of the object, I gave a trifle towards it; and in return, the woman brought me the girl to look at in her holiday costume. By dint of gifts and loans, she was decked out like a figurante, in a white muslin dress, white cotton

stockings, and light-colored shoes, with a wreath of artificial lilies-of-the-valley on her head, and a large white lace veil. During the morning the street swarmed with similar figures, besides as many boys in full suits of black, with large white collars, white gloves, and a white rose at the button-hole. They all seemed to have a due sense of the unwonted smartness of their appearance—the little girls especially looked so clean, so pretty, and so very happy in their ephemeral finery, I could not help grieving to reflect, that on the morrow so many of them would be pining again in their dirt and rags. Even their little day was abridged; for towards noon it came on to rain, and to save the precious white kleiden from spot or splash, the wearers were obliged to hurry home, as the Scotch people say, particularly "high kilted."

Frank has discovered an old acquaintance here, a Mr. Markham; and I have been introduced to his wife. She would be an acquisition merely as a companion and a countrywoman; but she is really a pleasant and warm-hearted person, and in spite of the warning of Lady de Farringdon, we are already sworn friends. They came here to retrench, and she makes me sigh and smile by turns with her account of their great and little troubles in a foreign land. Their worst privation seems to have been the separation from all friends: my heart ached to hear her relate their daily walks to see the packet discharge its passengers, in the vain hope of recognizing some familiar

face: but the next moment she made me laugh, till the tears came, with her description of a blight in her eyes, and her servants' uncouth remedy. What do you think, Margaret, of having your head caught in a baker's sack, hot from the oven,—then being half suffocated under a mountain of blankets and pillows,—and at last released, quite white enough, from the heat and the loose flour, for a theatrical ghost!

I have purchased two head-dresses to send you, as samples of the costume of the place. One, to my taste, is very pretty, a small black silk cap, embroidered with gay colors at the top of the head, and from the back hang several streamers of broad black sarcenet ribbon. The other cap is also embroidered or beaded, but two plaited bands of hair pass through the back, and are fastened up with a flat silver or gilt skewer, in shape like a book-knife. Adieu. Love to all from all, including, dear Margaret, your affectionate Sister, CATHARINE WILMOT.

P.S.—I open this again to tell you that my suspicions about Martha were wrong; but they had better have been correct. She is not in love—but has turned a Roman Catholic! I think I see you all lifting up your hands and eyes, from the parlor to the kitchen! But it is too true. Frank, it appears, met her two evenings ago, with a taper in her hand posting to a chapel, where the Coblenz single women go to pray for husbands! This, then, accounts for

her frequent absences both of body and mind. I fancied her goings out were to meet some sweetheart, but it was to attend at Mass or confession, and all her wool-gatherings were from puzzling over the saints on her beads and her new catechism. I consulted with my brother on the subject, but all he said was, "that Martha's religion was her own concern, and provided she did her duty as a servant, she had a right to turn a Mussulwoman if she pleased." When I taxed Martha herself, she owned to it directly, and, as usual in all dilemmas, gave me warning on the spot. *That* of course goes for nothing, but I shall never be able to keep her. As they say of all new converts, she runs quite into extremes, and I firmly believe is more of a Catholic than the Pope himself. For instance, there are several masses, at different hours of the day, to suit the various classes of people; and, will you believe it? she insists on going to them all! But this comes of foreign travelling. Well might I wish that I had never left Woodlands!

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

My dear Gerard,—This morning I again called on our friend, and found him in company with a little man of such marked features, that between his physiognomy and his London-like pronunciation of English, it was impossible to disconnect him with old clothes, and oranges, Holywell

Street, and the Royal Exchange. He was, however, a Prussian, and had simply carried the German pronunciation of W—which is identical with the Cockney way of sounding it—into our own language.

I had scarcely been introduced to this Mr. Isaac Meyer, when another visitor was announced, who was likewise "extremely proud and happy to make my acquaintance;" but just in the middle of his pride and happiness, a glance at the little man stopped him short like a stroke of apoplexy. All his blood seemed to mount into his head; the courteous smile vanished; his eye glistened; his lip curled; his frame trembled; and with some difficulty he stammered out the rest of his compliment. In anticipation of a scene, I looked with some anxiety towards the other party, but to my surprise he was perfectly calm and cool; and was either unconscious of the other's perturbation, or took it as a matter of course. Any general conversation was out of the question; after a very short and very fidgetty stay, during which he never once addressed the object of his dislike, the uncomfortable gentleman took his leave, and the other soon after concluded his "wisit." When they were gone, Markham explained the phenomenon. "The little man," said he, "is of the Hebrew persuasion; and the big one belongs to a rather numerous class, described by Saphir—whose satirical works, by the by, I think you would relish,—in short he is a Jew-hater—one of those who wish that the twelve tribes had but

a single neck. You saw how he reddened and winced! As Shakspeare says, 'some men there are love not a gaping pig, some that are mad if they behold a cat,' and here is this Herr Brigselbach quite set aghast, and chilled all over into goose-skin, at the sight of a human being with black eyes and a hook nose!"

"But surely," said I, "such a prejudice is rare, except amongst the most bigoted Catholics and the lower orders?"

"Lower orders and Catholics!—quite the reverse. I presume you heard of a certain freak of Royal authority, forbidding the Hebrews the use of Christian names, and enjoining other degrading distinctions. Such an example in such a country was enough to bring Jew-hating into fashion, if it had not been the *rage* before. But you must live in Germany to understand the prevalence and intensity of the feeling. You will not rank the editor of a public journal, or his contributors, in the lower and ignorant class: nevertheless my little Isaac the other day lent me a local paper, and the two very first paragraphs that met my eye were sarcastic anecdotes against his race. One of them was laughable enough, indeed I laughed at it myself; but in this country such stories are circulated more for malice and mischief than for the sake of the fun. It ran thus:—A certain cunning old Jew had lent a large sum of money, and charged interest upon it at nine per cent. instead of six, which was the legal rate. The borrower

remonstrated; and at last asked the usurer if he did not believe in a God, and where he expected to go when he died?—'Ah,' said the old Hebrew, with a pleased twinkle of the eye and a grin—'I have thought of that too—but when God looks down upon it *from above*, the 9 will appear to HIM like a 6.'"

"And what does Mr. Meyer say," I inquired, "of such attacks on his brethren?"

"Little or nothing. When I alluded to the paragraphs, and expressed my indignation, he merely smiled meekly, and said a few words to the effect that 'suffering was the badge of all his tribe.' In fact they are used to it, as was said of the eels. By the by, Von Raumer speaks of a Prussian liberal, who abused Prussia, as no better than a beast;—but he surely forgot this oppressed portion of his countrymen. As to love of country in general, he is right—but has the degraded inhabitant of Juden Gasse a country? To look for patriotism from such a being, you might as well expect local gratitude and attachment from a pauper without a parish! No, no,—that word, so dear, so holy, to a German, his Fatherland, is to the Jew a bitter mockery. He has all the duties and burthens, without the common privileges of the relationship—he is as heavily taxed, and hardly drilled, as any member of the family; but has he an equal share of the benefits—does he even enjoy a fair portion of the affection of his brothers and sisters? Witness Herr Brigselbach. As for his Father-

land, a Jew may truly say of it as the poor Irishman did of his own hard-hearted relative—'Yes, sure enough he's the parent of me—but he trates me as if I was his Son by another Father and Mother!"

By way of drawing out our friend, who, like the melancholy Jaques in his sullen fits, is then fullest of matter, I inquired if the bitterest writers against the country were not of Meyer's persuasion.

"Yes—Heine abused Prussia, and he was a Jew. So did Börne, and he was a Jew too, born at Frankfort—the *free* city of Frankfort, whose inhabitants, in the nineteenth century, still amuse themselves occasionally, on Christian high days and holidays, with breaking the windows of their Hebrew townsmen. What wonder if the galled victims of such a pastime feel, think, speak, and write, as citizens of the world! As Sterne does with his Captive, let us take a single Jew. Imagine him locked up in his dark chamber, pelted with curses and solider missiles, and trembling for his property and his very life, because he will not abandon his ancient faith, or eat pork sausages. Fancy the jingling of the shattered glass—the crashing of the window frames—the guttural howlings of the brutal rabble—and then picture a Prussian Censor breaking into the room, with a flag in each hand, one inscribed Vaterland, the other Bruderschaft—and giving the quaking wretch a double knock over the head with the poles, to remind him that he is a German and a Frankforter! Was there ever such a

tragi-comical picture! But it is not yet complete. The poor Jew, it may be supposed, has little heart to sing to such a terrible accompaniment as bellows from without; nevertheless the patriotic Censor insists on a chaunt, and by way of a prompt-book, sets before the quavering vocalist a translation of Dr. Watts's Hymn of Praise and Thanksgiving for being born in a Christian Land!"

Amused by Markham's *extempore* championship of the twelve tribes, by way of jest I insinuated that, during his admitted scarcity of cash, he had perhaps been supplied with moneys by means of his clients. But he took the jest quite in earnest. "Not a shilling, my dear fellow,—not a gros. But I am indebted to them for some kindness and civility: for they certainly hate us far less than some sects of Christians hate each other. It's my firm belief that the Jews possess many good qualities. Why not? The snubbed children of a family are apt to be better than the spoiled ones. As for their honesty, if they cheat us now, in retail, we have plundered them aforetime by wholesale, —and like master like scholar. But there's little Meyer, a Jew every inch of him, and with the peculiar love of petty traffic ascribed to his race. He will sell or barter with you the books in his library, the spoons in his cupboard, the watch in his fob, and yet in all my little dealings he has served me as fairly as if he had flaxen hair, blue eyes, and a common journey-work nose, with a lump, like a make-weight, stuck on the end. The extortions and cheating I

have met with were from Christians; and what is singular, the only time I ever had my money refused in this country, it was by Jews. There are many poor Hebrew families in Bendorf, and other villages on the banks of the Rhine, and it is a pleasant sight to behold, through the windows of their cottages, the seven candles of their religion shining—like the fire-flies of a German night—the only lights in their darkness, to an outcast people in an alien land. In one of these humble dwellings at Sayn, I once left my hat and coat in exchange for a cap and kittel, preparatory to a broiling hot excursion farther up the country. During my metamorphosis, I happened to take notice of a sickly-looking crippled boy, about nine years old, who was sitting at a table in a corner of the room; and the mother informed me, with a sigh too easy to interpret, that he was her first-born, and her only son. On my return I resumed my clothes, and offered the poor people a trifle for their trouble, but they had already been overpaid by a common expression of sympathy; and refused my money so pertinaciously, that I could only get rid of the coin by pressing it into the wasted hand of the helpless child. Poor little fellow! I wish I could hope to give him another,—but he was already marked for death, and his thin, sharp, sallow face, seemed only kept alive by his quick black eyes!"

"In England," continued Markham, "we have seen a Jewish sheriff of London; but I verily believe if anything could excite a rebellion in these provinces, it would not be

the closing of the coffee-houses, and the suppression of the newspapers, but the making a Burgomaster of the race of Israel. However, all other brutal sports and pastimes are falling into decadence with the progress of civilization: Bear-baiting is extinct; Badger-drawing is on the wane; Cock-throwing is gone out; Cock-fighting is going after it; and Bull-running is put down: so put on your hat, my dear fellow, and let us hope, for the sake of Christianity and human nature, that Jew-hating and Jew-running will not be the last of the line!"

Our first stroll was through the market-place, which was crowded with countrywomen, many of them afflicted with goître. It has been supposed to arise from drinking snow-water; but as this country abounds in excellent springs, such a theory can scarcely be entertained. In Markham's opinion it is caused by the sudden stoppage of perspiration, and contraction of the pores, by keen blasts from the mountains, whilst the women are toiling bare-necked in the heat of the sun. I asked him if the accounts were correct of the unremitting industry and hard labor of the Germans. "In the towns," said he, "perhaps not: the men are either more indolent, or have less physical strength, than the English. I have frequently seen three or four fellows carrying or drawing loads that would be a burthen for only one or two in London. Sometimes you see a leash harnessed to a small truck of wood; perhaps there is a woman along with them, and I have remarked that *she* is always

THE TRUCK SYSTEM.

in earnest, and, like the willing horse, does more than her fair share of the work. Indeed the softer sex has the harder lot here, for, besides what are with us considered masculine employments, in the fields and on the water, they have all the in-door duties of a woman to perform. As regards the peasantry, great labor is a matter of necessity: by the hardest labor, the land being highly taxed, they only procure the hardest fare; and there being no poor-rates to fall back upon, they must either work hard or starve. You may read in their faces a story of severe toil and meagre diet. Look at those country girls, poor things—"

"Nay," said I, pointing to a group, "I see round ruddy faces and plump figures, and, thanks to the shortness of their petticoats, that they have very respectable calves to their legs."

"Phoo! phoo!" replied Markham, "those are nurses or nursery-maids, and come, witness their peculiar dress, from another country; Saxony, perhaps, or Bavaria. But look at those yonder, with their wrinkled foreheads, and hard sharp features, more resembling old mothers, than young daughters; observe the absolute flatness of their busts, and the bony squareness of their figures, making them look so like men in women's clothes. And no wonder—the toil they go through for a trifle, is sometimes painful to contemplate. Last summer we purchased a small cask of wine from a woman who owns a little vintage: and

when it was delivered, we were shocked to find that she had carried it from her village, a league distant, on her head! In fact, time and trouble, so valuable elsewhere, seem here to go for little or nothing; and the waste of both is occasionally quite surprising. Forinstance, it is nothing unusual in the streets of Coblenz, to see a big man, a big dog, and a big stick, all engaged in driving a week-old calf.

Luckily I have seen this illustration of Markham's, and made a sketch of it; and will now attempt to describe the toilsome and tedious operation. The Big Man with the Big Stick goes first; then comes Staggering Bob; and, lastly, the Big Dog. In a very methodical manner the Big Dog jumps about from side to side of the calf; who with a natural doubt whether these gambols are not meant for its amusement, makes a dead halt, and indulges in an innocent stare at its four-footed companion. As this stops proceedings, the Big Man immediately begins to haul at the rope, as if he wanted to pull the poor creature's head off, which, of course, drags backward as lustily as it can. Thereupon the Big Man gives up pulling, and going to the rear, begins pushing with all his might; but the only result is, that after tottering a step or two to the right or left, the Calf *jibs*, and suddenly appears with its head where its tail ought to be; namely, towards the place from whence it came. Bob has then to be turned, and put straight again; an operation of considerable difficulty; for during this

manœuvre, the Big Dog sadly embarrasses matters, by jumping about and between both parties. Here, then, the Big Stick comes into play, which the Big Man shakes at the Big Dog, who scampers away some dozen yards—the Calf, in a sportive fit, runs after him—the rope winds round the other two calves, to wit, the Big Man's—and the whole affair is in a tangle! "Potztausend!" but at last all is clear. Still the perverse Calf, though strictly brought up on Temperance Principles, persists in staggering from one side of the street to the other, and finally refuses to stir a foot at all;—the Big Man gives it a poke with his Big Stick, and down it tumbles! So in despair the Big Man throws the 'live veal over his shoulder,—carries it till he is dead tired—then puts the Calf on its own legs again—then the Big Dog jumps about as before—and then—*Da Capo!*

To resume—I continued my queries to Markham, as to Prussia and its happy, free, proprietary peasantry. "Free!" said he, "how are they to be free, where no one else is, or can be, under the *Unitarian* rule of a single will? As for their happiness, you may judge yourself. Go into any of the villages that look so picturesque from the Rhine,—look in at an open door, and you will see a dark, dirty, squalid, comfortless room, hardly furnished enough to invite an execution. Ask yourself what makes the gaunt, sallow, toil-worn faces, that gaze on you from the window, so gloomily phlegmatic—what renders the children about

the streets so stunted, so spiritless, so prematurely old? On the Moselle, the proprietary peasantry are notoriously in a state of distress; and their wines, at a ruinous price, are bought up by the capitalists. But a remedy has been discovered," said Markham, with a bitter smile, "they are to give up wine-growing, and breed silk-worms! This notable plan has been strongly advocated in the "Rhein-und-Mosel-Zeitung," with grave calculations of the great value of the raw material, and its still greater value when manufactured into satins, sarcenets, and gros-de-Naples. Only two points have escaped these sages: mulberry-trees are not of remarkably rapid growth, and how are the poor peasantry to subsist in the meantime? But supposing the trees full-grown, the worms hatched, fed, transfigured, and inclosed in myriads of cocoons, is it not probable that the same untoward causes and commercial obstacles which denied them a profitable market in the wine trade, will be equally adverse to the sale of their silk? Besides, Moselle wine is only grown on the Moselle; whereas in the other article there will be a competition. But the system is in fault, not the commodity; and when a man does business on a losing principle, it is all one whether he deals in figs or tenpenny nails!"

In our progress from the market, we arrived at a small square, in the midst of which stood an extraordinary vehicle, that, except for the inscription, might have been taken for a Mammoth's travelling caravan. On measure-

ment, it was nine (German) feet wide, and thirty-six long. Markham pointed at it with great glee. "That unwieldy machine," said he, "was the invention of one of the military contractors, a Mr. Bohne, or Bean, who ought to be called Broad Bean for the future. A fortnight ago it left Berlin, with eleven thousand schakos, two thousand of which it has delivered by the way, at Erfurt and Mayence; the rest are bound to Luxemburg. The Germans have a proverb, that if you can get over the dog you can get over his tail; but in the present case the hitch was comparatively at the tail. The Monster Machine had got over the greater part of the journey, when it stuck in the gate of Baccharach, stopping the eil-wagen, the extra-posts and every other carriage in its rear. Next it was two whole days in getting through, or rather round, Boppart, for it had to be taken to pieces, and to circumvent the town by water—and now here it is, with a few more such difficulties, between itself and its ultimate destination. However, the thing carries a moral. Göthe charged the English with want of reflection, that they did not look backward enough; and here is a proof that the Germans do not sufficiently look a-head:—in short, whilst our object is pace, and our only cry is 'Hark forward!' they are perpetually trying back, with a cold scent, towards their great-grandfathers and grandmothers."

There! You have had a tolerable course of Markham; but you will be interested in the tone of his mind, as well

as in the course of his fortunes. He afterwards took me up to Ehrenbreitstein, where we met with a friend of his, Captain Walton, an Englishman by birth, but in the Prussian service. On comparing notes with this gentleman, it came out, that I was familiar with several of his friends in Kent; and from what I heard of him it is likely that we shall be intimates. From the Fortress, we proceeded to view an ancient Roman Tower, in the vicinity, where I picked up a hint for the story you will find inclosed. Love to Emily from

Yours ever truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

THE LAST OF THE ROMANS.

A TALE OF EHRENBREITSTEIN.

The night was breezy and cloudy, but the moon was at full, and as the opaque vapors flitted across her silver disk, that grand mass of rock and masonry, "the Broad Stone of Honor," gleamed fitfully or frowned darkly on the valley beneath. On the right, rose the mouldering, slender, round Tower, of Roman origin; on the left, the wind moaned through the waving poplars on the height of Pfaffendorf; below, lay the snugly sheltered Thal Ehrenbreitstein, beyond which the broad rapid Rhine reflected the red and yellow lights of the opposite city of Coblenz.

The hour was late, for Germany; and the good Pfarrer Schmidt, aided by the steep descent, was stepping homeward at a good round pace, when suddenly a sound struck on his ear like a groan. He instantly paused to listen, and distinctly heard a rattling, which, to his surprise, seemed to come from the ancient Tower, and in another minute a tall stalwart Figure came stumbling down the dilapidated steps of the old gray building; and, staggering like a drunken man towards our wayfarer, addressed him with a few words, in one of the dead tongues. The language, however, was not unknown, for it was the same in which the good Pastor repeated the offices of his religion—wherefore, replying to the Stranger in Latin, they entered at once into discourse. But the conversation had not gone far, ere, suddenly recoiling three or four steps backward, the Priest began to mutter and cross himself with the utmost fervor. And little wonder; for, by help of a glance of the moon, it was plain that the Figure had no kind of clothing on its body, save an old rusty cuirass, which, with the extraordinary tenor of its last question—"And how fares the noble Cæsar?" sufficed to convince the astonished Priest that he was communing with either a resuscitated Roman, or a Roman Ghost!

At so awful a discovery it is natural to suppose that the Priest must have immediately taken to flight; but in the first place, he had a strong belief in the efficacy of the exorcisms and other spiritual defences with which he was

armed; and secondly, terror, which acts variously on different individuals, seemed to root him to the spot. In the meantime, the Figure, folding its arms, turned from side to side, cast a glance at the dark modern citadel, then at the opposite fort of Pfaffendorf, and then muttering the word "Confluentia," took a long, long look across the glittering river. Again and again the Apparition rubbed its eyes as if doubtful of being in a dream. At last, arousing from this reverie, the Figure again addressed the Pastor with great earnestness, at the same time laying its hand upon his arm. The action made the Priest start, and tremble excessively; but by a very sensible pressure, it served to convince him that the Figure, whatever it might be, was not merely a phantom. Wonder now began to mingle and struggle with fear, and by degrees getting the mastery, the Priest, after a devout inward prayer, took courage, and by a sign invited the Stranger to accompany him towards his home. The Figure immediately complied,—and walking parallel with each other, but with a good space between, they began to descend the steep, the Priest noticing with secret satisfaction, as the moon shone out, that his mysterious companion, like a solid body, threw a distinct shadow across the road.

Arrived at the parsonage, which was not far distant, the Pastor conducted his strange guest into his study, and carefully closed the door. His next concern was to furnish his visitor with decent garments; and with much difficulty and

persuasion, the Ancient was induced to put on a modern suit of Black. For some considerable time neither of them spoke a word, each being absorbed in the same occupation of gazing and marvelling at the other; and remembering that the host was a Catholic Priest of the nineteenth century, and the guest a contemporary of Julius Cæsar, it is easy to imagine that they mutually found matter enough for admiration to tie up their tongues. But at last, the Stranger breaking the silence, they again engaged in discourse, which was long and earnest, as needs must have been where one party had to be convinced that he had been dead and buried above a thousand years. However, the hasty observations he had made on the altered aspect of Confluentia and its vicinity, helped to confirm the Roman that only a vast lapse of time could have wrought the great changes he had remarked. In reply to the Priest, he said that he was a Centurion, by name Paratus Postumus, of the 22d Legion, who had accompanied Julius Cæsar in his second passage across the Rhine to make war on the Catti.—That he was subject to fits, and had once or twice been on the point of premature interment whilst he lay in a trance. Thereupon, as if recolleeting himself, he suddenly started up on his feet, and eagerly inquired for the nearest temple, that he might go and offer up his grateful vows for his wondrous revival. Such a question made the pious Pastor look extremely grave, and he again crossed himself very fervently, on being thus vividly re-

minded that the Stranger introduced beneath his roof, was in verity a heathen! However, on reflection he comforted himself with the hope of the glory that would accrue to himself and to his church, by making so miraculous a convert; and to this end, after giving a rapid sketch of the decline and fall of Paganism, he began to unfold and extol the grand scheme of Christianity, according to the interpretations of the Council of Trent. But to this latter part of his discourse, the Roman listened with impatience, and finally ceased to listen at all. The downfall of his own multifarious faith—the destruction of its temples and altars, under Constantine, alone engrossed his thoughts, and, to judge by the workings of his rugged countenance, gave him singular pain and concern. For some time he remained buried in meditation, but at length suddenly raising his arms towards heaven, and lifting his eyes in the same direction—"O great Jupiter!" he exclaimed, "it cannot be! There must be some relics of that glorious theogony still left upon earth,—and I will wander the whole wide world through till I discover where they exist!" So saying, he pointed to the door with so stern a look that the trembling Priest, giving up all hope of his miraculous convert, was fain to obey the signal, which was again repeated at the outer gate. For a moment the Figure paused at the threshold, and then, after a gracious expression of thanks, strode forth into the blank darkness, and disappeared!

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Years had rolled away, and in their course had wrought further changes on the Rhine and on its banks. Shooting past the slow barge, with its long team of horses, toiling against the stream, the gay smoking steam-boat now rushed triumphantly up the arrowy river, freighted with thousands of foreigners, who haunted the healing springs, the vine-clad mountains, the crumbling fastnesses, and romantic valleys of the lovely provinces. The pious Pastor Schmidt, now old and infirm, was one evening sitting dozing in his ample and high-backed elbow chair, when the door of his little study abruptly flew open, and uninvited and unannounced, an unceremonious visitor stepped boldly into the room. The eyes of the good Priest were somewhat dimmer than aforetime, but a single glance sufficed to recognize the unmistakable Roman features of the Centurion. He was clothed, however, in a costume very different to the old suit of black: and his countenance had undergone a still greater alteration than his dress. Instead of the stern settled melancholy that had darkened it at the close of his former visit, the expression of his countenance was now complacent, and even cheerful. After mutual salutations, being both seated opposite to each other, the Centurion began as follows; not, however, in Latin, but in passable German:—"Holy father, congratulate me! As I predicted, my ancient religion, in some degree, is still extant!" The Pastor pricked up his ears. He was a bit of an antiquarian, and a classical scholar to boot, and the announce-

ment of the Pagan Polytheism being still in existence, raised his curiosity to the highest pitch. "Was it in India, in Persia, or by the Egyptian Pyramids; in Numidia; at Timbuctoo; amongst the savage islands of the Pacific; or in Peru, the country of the Incas?" "Father," replied the Centurion very coolly, "I have not travelled out of Europe." The Priest was dumbfounded. Except one portion devoted to Mahomet, the whole spiritual empire of that quarter of the world was divided, he knew, between the Greek Patriarch, the Levitical Priesthood, Luther, and the Pope. The Centurion continued—"You told me, I think, that the people called Christians worship only one God?" The Priest nodded an assent. "But I tell you they have almost or quite as many gods as we had in our ancient mythology." The Priest stared, and shook his head. "Yes, I tell you," said the Centurion, vehemently, "their altars and rites are as various—their divinities as numerous as our own. Look, for example, at Britain." "The English are Protestants and heretics," said the Priest, making the sign of the cross. "But they are Christians," retorted the Centurion. "Yes, and as such," said the Priest, "they worship the same God that I do,—the one and indivisible,—whatever mortal errors otherwise belong to their doctrines." "At least so they profess," said the Centurion: "But tell me, is the Deity whom one sect bows to, in reality the very same that is

reverenced by another? No, verily—with one God there would be but one worship offered up in the same spirit!"

"Alas! alas!" said the pious Pastor, "it was the accursed schism of Martin Luther that led to such discordances! After separating from the holy Mother Church, the fallers-off became again split and divided amongst themselves!"

The Centurion took no notice of this lamentation, but resumed his discourse. "I have visited their temples—I have stood before their altars—I have witnessed their rites, and listened to their doctrines, and what wide diversities do they all present! In one temple, I heard groans and yells and female shrieks; in a second, a full-toned organ, and melodious choristers; in a third, I heard nothing, not even a word, and was I to blame if I looked round for a statue of Harpocrates? Then, again, in one temple I saw infant children sparingly sprinkled with water; in another grown men and women were wading up to their chins in a sort of Frigidarium, or cold bath. Under one sacred roof the votaries leaped and shouted like the Bacchantes and Corybantes; in a neighboring fane, they stood, and sate, and knelt, by turns, with the steady uniform precision of soldiers at drill. In one rustic temple, standing amidst the fields, they played upon fiddles, oboes, bassoons, flutes, and clarionets; in another, in North Britain, Euterpe was dethroned, and all musical instruments were accounted profane, except the human larynx and the human nose. Then the sacred buildings them-

selves, how different! Here a very Temple of the Muses, adorned with painting and sculpture, and the most gorgeous architecture; there, a sordid structure, as plain and unadorned as a stable or a barn. Even the priests displayed the same incongruities. One wore an elaborate powdered wig and an apron; another, the natural hair combed in long lank locks down the forehead and cheeks. Some prayed uncovered, some in a broad-brimmed hat;—here prayed a minister in a white robe—yonder prayed another in a black one; a third wore his every-day clothes. In short there was no end to these varieties."

"It is even so," said the Priest, shaking his gray head. "So many heresies, so many new modes. Yet these are mostly external matters. Whatever the form may be, the worship of all Christians is offered up to the same one and indivisible God!"

"The same! one and indivisible!" almost shouted the Centurion. "Tell me, and as thou art a religious man and a Christian Priest, answer me truly.—Is it the same universal God that the parish pauper must only address from a wooden bench, and the proud noble can only praise from an embroidered velvet cushion? Is it the same Providential Being that the lowly peasant thanks for his scanty hardly-earned daily bread, and the rich man asks to bless his riotous luxury and wasteful superabundance? Is the merciful Father, of whom the weeping child on bended knees begs the life of its sick and declining parent, the same,

the very same, as the God of Battles invoked by the ambitious conqueror, on the eve of slaughtering thousands of his fellow-men? Is the Divine Spirit, who gave his only Son in atonement for the sins of the whole world, the same God of the Gospel, whose name is paraded as the especial Patron of exclusive pious factions—of uncharitable bigots and political partisans? Is there anything in common between the fierce vindictive Creator wrathfully consigning the creatures he has made to everlasting and unutterable torments, as depicted by the gloomiest of fanatical sects, and the beneficent Jehovah, silently adored by the Quaker, as the God of peace and good-will towards men? Is it the same Divine Author——" "Enough, enough," interposed the Priest, with a deprecating wave of the hand. "Nay, but answer me," said the Centurion. "Have I described one God, or many? In the list I have only partly sketched out, can you find nothing answerable to our plurality—to Plutus, to Mars, to Mercury, and Jupiter Tonans? Is the Christian Deity indeed one and indivisible, or made multiform, like Jove of old, by the separate impersonation and worship of his various attributes?"

"You have at least broached a curious theory," answered the Catholic Priest, with great placidity, for his own particular withers were as yet unwrung. "But where," he asked, "would you find your great host of inferior deities, your Dii Minores, your demi-gods and demi-goddesses and the like?" "Where!" cried the Centurion—"where else

but close at hand. They are only disguised under other names. For instance, we had our Vertumnus and our Pomona, the patron of orchards.—Our Bona Dea; Hygeia, the goddess of health; Fornax, the goddess of corn and of bakers; Occator, the god of harrowing; Runcina, the goddess of weeding—Hippona, the goddess of stables and horses—and Bubona, the goddess of oxen. Now, we need only go into the Eifel——"

"Sancta Maria!" exclaimed the Priest, reddening to his very tonsure—"Do you mean to adduce our blessed saints!"

"Exactly so," replied the calm Centurion. "They are your Dii Minores—your demi-gods and demi-goddesses, and so forth, answerable to our own, and appointed to much the same petty and temporal offices. Have you not St. Apollonica for curing the tooth-ache, St. Blaize for sore throats, and St. Lambert for fits? Is not St. Wendelin retained to take care of the cows and calves, and St. Gertrude to drive away rats?"

The indignant Priest could bear no more: it was like being compelled to swallow the beads of a rosary, one by one. "Anathema Maranatha!" he exclaimed in a paroxysm of anger. "Accursed pagan! libellous heathen! Begone! You shall no longer profane my dwelling! Hence, I say!"—and extending his arm to give force to the mandate, the venerable Pastor thrust his attenuated fingers into the flame of the candle, and started up broad awake!

TO REBECCA PAGE.

DEAR BECKY,—Thenk hevin the storm I tould you of has blowed over; but I believe I may thank master for it, who was so kind as say I mite turn a Turk or a Hottenpot, if so be it agreed with my conshense. As for missus, she looks grumpy enuff at my new devotions—but let her look, I mayn't always be her servent to be tride xperiments on, as was the case this blessed morning. Complaining, as usual, of her weak state of nerves, she was advized by Mrs. Markhum to try the Rine Baths, as being verry braceing; and missus was so considderrit as to let poor me make the fust trial. The Baths are kep in a floting house, witch is made fast to the Rine Bridge, of boats; and a pretty rushin and rampagin the river makes between them, like a mill race. But there was no help for it, as bathe I must; and was all crudling, and shakin, and shiverin, in the tearing could water; when before one could say lawk deliver us, a nasty grate barge come spinning down the river, and by sum mismanigement the towin rope hung too low down, and jist ketching the Bath House, wipt off the hole roof in a jiffy! There was a hawful crash, you may suppose; and at that very minit I had duckt my head under, and wen I come up agin, lo and behold! there was nothin at all up abuv, xcept the bare sky. In course it was skreek upon skreek from the other rooms; and thinks I, if tops comes

off, so may bottoms, and in that case, down sinks the floting baths, and were all drownded creturs as sure as rats. So out I run on to the bridge of boats, jist as I was, with nothin on but my newdity; but decency's won thing, and death's another. The rest of the bathing ladies did the same; and some of them, pore things, fainted ded away on the boards. Luckly, none of the mail sects was passing by, for xcept won Waterloo blue bonnit, we were all in a naturalized state, like so menny Eves. Most fortunately, it was a hot sunny day, or we mite have kitcht our deths; howsumever, I was gitting more composed, wen hearing a tramp, tramp, tramp, I turned round my hed, and wat should I see but a hole rigment of Prushian sogers a marchin over the bridge. In such an undelicate case, staying was out of the question, so I giv a skreech, and roof or no roof, it was won generil skuttle back into the littel house. Then sich a skramble and hudling on of our close, there wasn't a lady but looked as if her things had been put on, as the saying is, with a pitchfork! As for the ones in fits, the bath pepel carried them back; and as the best and shortest way of bringin them to, popped them into the water agin, witch had the effect. Thenk gudness, there was no wus harm done; but Catshins says, wen the roof was took off, I ought to have crost meself; and to be sure, so I ought, as well as Sanctus Marius, instead of O Criminy!

So much for bathin afore missus. For my part, I don't

admire boat bridges. Give me good iron or stone wons, like Southwurk, or Rochistir. Ony the other day, a grate misguidid raft of wood driv agin the pinted end of an iland called Over Work, witch split the raft in two; so one half came down by the rite side of the iland, and the other by the left; and betwixt them, they broke and carried away both ends of the Rine Bridge; and there was a pore old woman and her cow, witch mite have been me, a dancing about, well ni crazy with frite, on the bit of bridge as was left in the middle of the river! Yesterday, Catshins took me to visit at her old place; being twelve o'clock, the fammily was jist going to dinner, and so I saw the hole preparation. First there was soop, and Catshins said, the cook said somebody said as how the English soop was so pore, it was obleeged to be disgized and flavioured up with pepper and spice; but I tould her, Lord help her, I never see any soop in England, but wat, wen could, was a perfect jelly, as might be chuckt over the house. Howsumever, I tasted the Germin soop, and thinks I, there'd be jist as much taste of the meat, if a cow had tumbled into the Rine. Then came the beef, with iled butter and sowr sarce; and tell cook at home if she wants a new ornimentle dish, I'll be bound she never thort of a bullock's nose in jelly. For wegetables, small fried taters, and something green, as looked like masht duck weed, besides a hole truss of sallet; and instead of a fruit-pie, a flat cherry-tart, amost as big as a tebord. As for the servents, the best part of their dinner

was ould cowcumbers, as had crawled on the ground till they was as yeller underneath as a toad's belly—sliced up in winiger and shocking bad ile, along with monstrashious big inguns. To be sure, they do feed very queerly. Catshins says, her missis was ill laterly, with the morbus; and the fust thing she begged for in the eating way, was a veal cutlit, and a lot of bullises stewed in sour wine! As for desert, they eat plums by the bushell, and pounds upon pounds of cherris; and wat's more, swallow the stones!

Talkin of dinners, please God if I ever settle in Germiny, there's three things I'll have out from England, a warmin pan, a plate-warmer, and a knife-board; for the knives here are never sharpt, and as we say of dill-water, are so innocent, you may give them to a new-born babby without the least danger. But lawk, if you was to send them out things, they don't know the rite use of them, and most likely they would fry pan-cakes in the warmin pan, and make a pantry of the plate-warmer, jist as they fetch water for drinkin in a tin pail, as is painted red on the inside, and green on the out. Nothing's used in its proper way. When we cum to the lodgins, I found in the drawing-room a square painted tin basket, exactly like an English bread-basket, and ever sinse I've put the rolls in it, but wen Catshins come, she said it's to hold sand, and to be spit into—wat a forrin idear!

All together I shouldn't like to be a Germin servent; but I'm sadly afeard I shan't stop long where I am. Missus

gets very cross, and seems to think I never do enuff; but if she was in my shoes she would find I have more work then I can do, what with my new religion, and gitting all the he and she saints by heart; and to be taught nitting; and practise waltzing and singing, and learn Germin besides, witch is very puzzling, for they say ve for we, and wisy wersy.

The grate Sham Fites is begun, and I've been to the Larger, as it's called, witch is full of shows and booths, and partikly wooden taverns and publick howsis, three to one. But the pitcht wite tents is a bewtiful site in the middle of a wide plane, with the blue mountings all round. I went with a party in a waggin, the same as to Fairlop Fair, and was very cumfittable till the cumming home, wen a Germin tailer, overtook with snaps, went to sleep in the bottom of the waggin with his lited pipe among the straw. A pretty frite it was! for the straw flamed up, and we were all obleeged to bundle out neck and crop. Thenk providens there was no personable axident, xcept to the yung man his self, who, when he sobered, was dredfully put out to diskiver his faverit curl and all his back hare was singed off his head.

Now I must stop for want of candle, and besides Catshins snores so she puts me out. Give my luve to every boddy in Becknam, not forgetting yourself, and so as the Cathlicks say, Bendicity from

Dear Becky,

Yures luving Frend,

MARTHA PENNY

P.S.—I've begun to confess a little, namely going to the Germin Ball in Missis's silk stockins. But I couldn't quite unbuzzum. But in course me and the Priest will get more confidential in time.

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

My dear Gerard,—You must have wondered at the unusual pause in my correspondence, and I will at once proceed to show cause. Ten days ago, my Uncle, after so many false alarms, was taken ill in earnest, without any warning at all. Just after breakfast, he was seized with violent cramp, or spasms, in the chest and stomach, and for some hours was in great pain, and even some peril. Very much against his will, for he persisted that nobody but Truby understands his constitution, we called in medical advice, and as the case was urgent, sent for the Doctor next at hand.

Now that the danger is over and gone, it is curious to recall how much farce was mingled with proceedings that seemed so serious at the time. The Ex-Patient himself laughs heartily whenever he speaks on the subject, and especially of his medical treatment, which he says will be "nuts to Truby, when he gets back to Kent."

The truth is, however the philosophers and professional men of this country relish a despotic government, they are

particularly fond of placing themselves under the tyranny of a ruling idea. Hence all kinds of extravagance. As Markham says, "A German is not content to take an airing on his Hobby in a steady old gentlemanly sort of way. He gives it a double feed of metaphysical beans, jumps on its bare back, throws the bridle over its ears, applies his lighted pipe to its tail, and does not think he is riding till he is run away with. At last, the horse comes to some obstacle, where there is a great gulf fixed. He naturally refuses to leap; but not so his master. No true German would give a doit for a ditch with a further side to it; so down he gets, takes a mile of a run, swings his arms, springs off with 'one bound that overleaps all bounds,' and alights on his head, quite insensible, somewhere 'beyond beyond.'"

Their physicians afford striking examples of this ultraism. Thus Hahnemann, having hit on the advantage of small doses, never rested till he had reduced them to infinitesimals. In the same manner, Herr Bowinkel, having convinced himself that bleeding, in some cases, is improper, ends by scouting Phlebotomy altogether; whilst Herr Blutigel, in the next street, arrives at quite the opposite extreme, and opens every vein he can come at with his lancet. In short your German is fond of fiddling, à la Paganini, on one string.

One of these empirical professors, it was our fortune to call in to my Uncle, in the person of Doctor Ganswein,

who, after a very cursory inquiry into his patient's malady, pronounced at once that it was a case for the Wasser-Kur. How this cure was to be effected you will best understand from a conversation which took place between the Physician and my Aunt. I must premise that my Aunt began the colloquy in French, as it was taught in Chaucer's time at Stratford on Le Bowe; but after having puzzled the Doctor with sundry phrases, such as "son habit est si plein," meaning, "he is of such a full habit," she betook herself to her mother-tongue.

Aunt. And as to his eating, Doctor?

Doctor. Nichts; noting at all.

Aunt. And what ought he to drink?

Doctor. Kalt Wasser.

Aunt. Would it be well to bathe his feet?

Doctor. Ja——mit Kalt Wasser.

Aunt. And if he feels a little low?

Doctor. Low?—vat is dat?

Aunt. Out of spirits; a little faint like.

Doctor. Faint—ah!—So?—you shall sprinkle at him viz some Kalt Wasser.

Aunt. And nothing else?

Doctor. Ja—— I shall write something (*he writes*). Dere! you shall send dis papier, to de Apotheke in de Leer Strasse, almost to de Rondel. Your broder shall drink some flasks of Kissingen.

Aunt. Kissingen—what's that? Is it any sort of wine?

Doctor. Wein! nein! It is some sort of Kalt Wasser.

Aunt. Oh, from the Baths!

Doctor. Ja! ja!—it shall be goot to bath too—in Kalt Wasser. (*To my Uncle*) Sare, have you read my leetle boke?

Uncle (*in pain*). What's it—about—Doctor?

Doctor. De Heilsamkeit of de Kaltes Wassers. I have prove de Kalt Wasser is good for every sickness in de world.

Uncle. Humph! What for—water in the head?

Doctor. Ja—and for wasser in de shest. And for wasser in de—what you call him? de abdomen. It is good for every ting. De Kalt Wasser shall sweep away all de Kranken, all de sick peoples from de face of de earth!

Uncle (*to himself*). Yes—so did—the Great Flood.

Doctor Ganswein had no sooner taken his leave, than my Uncle called me to the bed-side. "Frank,—I've heard before—of wet-nurses—but never of—a wet Doctor. It's the old story—of the prescription that was nothing—but aqua pumpy. He mustn't come again. I shall be drowned—before I'm cured. Nothing but watering, watering, watering—Egad! he takes me for a sick Hydrangea!"

Having prevented any *relapse* of Dr. Ganswein, it became necessary to find a successor; and by the advice of our Bankers, I sent for a Doctor Wolf, who was making a

temporary stay in Coblenz. This selection, however, was anything but palatable to my Aunt: two of the strongest of her prejudices rose up against a physician, who was not only a foreigner, but a Jew; his mere name seemed ominous: and, unfortunately, with a very unprepossessing physiognomy, his manners were abrupt and repulsive. I suspect *he* also had a hobby of his own; for one of his first questions to his patient was, whether he had ever tried a Mud Bath—a boggy remedy, of which you may read in Dr. Granville's account of the German Spas. "What's a Mud Bath?" inquired the Patient. "It is," said Dr. Wolf, "for to be in some black mud up to your middle." "If that's it," replied my Uncle, "I've had it of a dirty day—in the streets of London. And I can't say—it was any benefit."

On our return to the drawing-room, the physician made his report. His patient's disorder, he said, originated in over-fatigue, the disarrangement of ordinary habits, a strange climate, unusual diet, a cold, perhaps, and a want of the necessary quantity of sleep. Knowing, by experience, that such evils are apt to beset travellers on the Rhine, I was quite satisfied; but my Aunt was more inquisitive. "Hist!" said the Doctor, significantly laying his forefinger on the side of his nose; and then, with more than common mystery, he drew her aside into a corner. "Good heavens! is my dear brother in any danger?" "He is quite so bad as one can wish," answered the Doc-

tor, with a series of solemn little nods. "Hear to me,"—and he fixed his black eyes on the changing face before him —"is your Broder rishe? Have he mosh moneys?" To my apprehension, this question merely had reference to the recommendation of some expensive baths; but it met with a darker interpretation from my Aunt. "It is rather a singular question," said she, "but my brother is what is called an independent gentleman." "Dat is goot,—ferry goot," said Mr. Wolf, nodding, winking, rubbing his hands and looking very well pleased. "Now hark to me"—and he approached his mouth to her ear—"whilst he is so bad in his bed, you shall rob him." "WHAT!" exclaimed my Aunt in such a voice that the ringing monosyllable seemed to echo from every side and corner of the apartment. "You—shall—rob him"—repeated the Doctor, still more distinctly and deliberately—"You shall rob his chest." My Aunt looked petrified. "Do not you understand me?" asked the dreadful Doctor, after a pause. "I am afraid I do," said my Aunt, giving a sort of gulp, as if to swallow some violent speech, and then hurried into the adjoining room and locked herself in. The Doctor followed this manœuvre with his hawklike eyes, which, when the door closed, he turned upon me: but before I could attempt any explanation, he snatched up his hat, made me a low bow, and with a shrug that said as plainly as words "those unaccountable English!" he bolted out of the room and down the stairs.

When he was gone I could not resist a laugh, which was hardly suppressed by the reappearance of my Aunt, who, after an anxious look round the chamber, to make sure of the absence of the detestable Doctor, cast herself down on the sofa with a fervent "Thank God!"—"Frank!—What a monster!—Wolf by name and wolf by nature; did you hear what the wretch proposed to me?"—and she launched off into a tale so ludicrously distorted and colored by her own extravagant suspicions, that I could hardly preserve my gravity. "But I foretold it," she said, "from the very first glimpse of him! There was villain stamped in his face. Did you ever before see such horrid cunning eyes, or hear such an artful insinuating voice? Now I think of it, he is the very picture——" She was stopped by the entrance of Martha with a bottle of medicine, which her mistress had no sooner inspected than the expression of her countenance changed from indignation and disgust to vexation and mortification. "It's really very provoking!" she exclaimed—"So very absurd!—How uncommonly annoying! But it's all his own fault for not speaking better English," and handing to me the explanatory phial, I read as follows:

"Esquier Orchardt,
For to rob him with on the chest."

Thanks, however, to Dr. Wolf and the robbing, or a sound constitution, my Uncle recovered, and is now as well as ever. In the meantime, the grand Military Manœuvres

commenced under the eye of the Prince Royal. Verily it was playing at soldiers on a royal scale, some 15,000 troops being collected for the purpose, much to the inconvenience of the town and villages where they quartered, and still more to their own discomfort in camp, where, owing to the heavy rains, there was a considerable mortality from a disorder which led to a police bull of excommunication against all plums. As a military spectacle, taking into account the number of performers, the extent of the theatre, and the magnificent scenery, it was superb. By rotation, it should be represented at Coblenz once in eight years; and in consequence of the great expense of paying for the damage in a cultivated country, it was said the piece was never to be repeated: nevertheless the show attracted scarcely any of the natives, excepting the day when the Prince Royal was present: some few travellers from our own country, a half-dozen of English and Hanoverian officers and ourselves, were the only spectators. To a novelist, who might have occasion to describe the operations of warfare, even such an experience would have been invaluable: enhanced as the mock battles were by a most picturesque country. For my own part, although a civilian, I took an extreme interest, akin to that of the chess-player, in these manœuvres, the purport of which I tried to penetrate, but with little success, as might be expected not merely from my ignorance of the science, but from the intricate and difficult nature of the country. The com-

mander-in-chief was the governor of the Rhenish provinces, —the veteran General Von Borstell, who, in addition to his high reputation as a cavalry officer, nobly proved his *moral* courage, during the War of Liberation, by refusing to obey the order of Marshal Blucher for the decimation of a Saxon regiment. For such conduct there is no earthly decoration: and therefore, having received all the orders which his country, or rather his sovereign, has to bestow, the brave, able, and humane General Von Borstell must look forward for the most precious and enduring of rewards, for the best and brightest act of his life, from the King of Kings.

As might be expected, several real casualties occurred during the sham warfare; and on the last day there happened an accident peculiar to these Manœuvres. As only half charges are allowed, the excited soldier, who wishes to make a little more noise, puts a load of earth or gravel into his musket. Sometimes, probably, a worse motive comes into play: however, we had just turned homewards whilst the victors of the day were firing their *feu de joie*, when on the brow of a hill we saw a poor fellow, sitting under a tree, with his jacket off, and the blood flowing down his arm. He had been shot, a minute before, with a stone, above the elbow, and was in the hands of the regimental surgeon. My Aunt immediately insisted on having him into the carriage, a proposition which the doctor embraced with gratitude and avidity, as otherwise his patient must

have been jolted two or three leagues in a common cart. So, supplying my Aunt with some drops, in case the man should faint, the surgeon ran off to fresh claimants on his services: in fact we saw four or five of the common soldiers drop down from exhaustion, like dead men, by the side of the road. A little damped to reflect that these instances of human suffering had occurred on merely the *play-ground* of the "School of War," we returned to Coblenz, and delivered up our unlucky charge at the Military Hospital. "I do hope," said my Uncle, "the King of Prussia will double that poor fellow's smart-money; for if anything can be galling to a soldier, it must be to have all the pain and disablement of a wound without any of its glory."

You are not aware, perhaps, that *every* Prussian subject must be a soldier, consequently there can be no serving by substitute as in our militia. One morning, whilst listening to the performance of the capital military band, I was addressed in tolerable English by one of the privates, who inquired how I liked their army. He was a master baker, he told me, in Oxford-street, and at the earnest entreaty of his father had left his rolls for the roll-call, his basket for a musket, and his fancy bread for brown tommy, in order to serve his two years, and avoid the forfeiture of his civil rights. Instances are on record, of individuals (Stulz, the celebrated tailor, I believe for one) who, having realized fortunes abroad, were seized on their return to Prussia,

treated as deserters, or sent into the awkward squad. Even the schoolmasters do not escape, but are compelled to join the march of body with the march of mind. As an *indulgence* they have only a six weeks' drill—how different to the six weeks at Midsummer of our schoolmasters!—but then in that time they are expected to become proficients. What a weary time it must be for the poor pedagogues! Fancy a sedentary usher, summoned from his professional desk, round-shouldered, stooping—shambling—suddenly called upon to unlearn all his scholar-like habits, and learn others quite the reverse—to hold his head very much up, to draw his back very much in, to straighten his arms, stiffen his legs, and step out, instead of his own shuffle, at so many strides to the minute. Imagine him stuck up as a sentry on gusty Ehrenbreitstein, or more likely undergoing an extra drill, in marching order, for wool-gathering, with a problem of Euclid, and wheeling to the wrong-about face instead of the right! Verily it must seem to him like a bad dream, a doleful piece of somnambulism, till convinced of the hard reality by finding himself thrust, instead of his late sober academical coat or gown, into a Prussian blue jacket, with red collar and cuffs, and feeling behind, instead of the flowing philosophical locks, the bald *regulation* nape!

Pray comfort with this outlandish picture your neighbor the graduate of Oxford, who used to complain so bitterly of the irksomeness of drilling little boys in Latin and

Greek. A schoolmaster's business in Hampshire may be a sufficient trial of Christian patience: but what is it to the complex duties of these schoolmasters abroad? Instead of his annual vacation, let him suppose himself, as a respite from teaching, being taught—to drum! Let him conceive himself planted, with his noisy parchment, and two brass-headed sticks, practising day after day, hour after hour, his monotonous rub dub dub, rub dub dub, under the walls of Ehrenbreitstein! Even as a listener, I have been so disgusted with this wearisome Tambour-work, that I have quite prayed for a little Flosculous Relievo!

On the parade I met the Captain, who told me that his regiment—an infantry one—was under orders to return to its proper locality, Prussian Poland. Perhaps there was some inspiration in the martial music, but the thought struck me of joining company, at least as far as Berlin. The Captain caught at the idea, and as my Uncle makes no objection to my absence, the whim is likely to prove more than a freak of fancy. At least I am seriously on the look-out for a horse: so as to have no more foot exercise than may be agreeable. As the marching-order has not long to run, my next will probably be dated from quarters, for I shall give you a sketch of my military promenade.

This morning, as usual, I strolled about with Markham, and, Englishman-like, I proposed, on passing the hotel, to walk in and look at the newspapers. "Newspapers!" said he; "you will find none here but the 'Rhein-und Mosel

Zeitung,' and I can give you a tolerable idea of the contents beforehand. First, the king has graciously been pleased to confer on Mr. Bridge-toll-taker Bommel, and a dozen other officials, the 'Adler' order of the fourth class. Messrs. Kessel and Co. have erected a steam-engine of two-horse power; and the firm of Runkel and Rüben have established a manufactory of beet-root sugar. Then for foreign news, there are half a dozen paragraphs on as many different countries—our own amongst the rest, probably headed 'Distress in Rich England,' and giving an account of a pauper who died in the streets of London. As to local intelligence, the Over Burgomaster has ordered the substitution of a new post for an old one, in the Clemens Platz, and a fresh handle to the pump near the Haupt Wache. A sentimental poem, a romantical tale, and the advertisements, fill up the dingy sheet." In fact, on entering the saloon of the hotel, such a meagre-looking fog-colored journal, as he had described, was lying on the dining-table. Markham took it up, and glanced over it. "Yes, here they are, the list of Eagle orders and crosses, and the foreign paragraphs. From Italy, Professor Crampini gives his opinion on an ancient pan. From Spain nothing—for affairs are going against Don Carlos. From Greece, king Otho has displaced a native functionary, and put a German in his place. From Russia—the distinguished reception of Baron Hoggenhausen at the Imperial Court. From Austria, that Strauss has composed a new waltz. From Saxony, the

price of wool, and a proclamation of some petty Sovereign, who, having no transmarine possessions, ordains that all vagrants, beggars, and vagabonds in his dominions, shall be transported beyond seas. From England—zounds!—is it possible that Englishmen have allowed a namesake of the immortal Shakspeare to go ragged about the streets! To be sure the bard himself has asked 'what is there in a name?'—and, on the principle implied, we ought to hang the very first Patch or Thurtell that came in our way. There is no sentimental poem in this number; but there *is* a romantic story, and it well illustrates the exaggerated notions of English wealth, which, to the natives, serve to justify a dead set at their pockets. What do you think of this? A lady residing in Euston-square, New-road, loses her only child, a little girl. The afflicted mother advertises her in the papers, and offers as a reward—how much do you think? Only 50,000*l.* per annum, a mine in 'Cornwales,' and 200,000*l.* in East India shares."

"Are you serious?" I asked. "Perfectly; it is here, every word of it. Finally, there are the advertisements, some of which even are characteristic—for instance, Mr. Simon, the notary, offers fifty dollars for the discovery of the parties who last night broke into his garden and stole and mutilated his statue of Napoleon:—and a lady promises a reward to the finder of a bracelet, containing the locks and initials M. J.—P. von F.—R. I. D.—L. A.—C. de G. —P. P.—A. von N.—and J. St. M."

I forgot to tell you, that on a former visit to the hotel, I found sitting at the table, with as long a face as he could make of a round one, our fellow-traveller the Cockney; being by his own contrivance a détenu. Having as usual delivered up his passport at Cologne, he persuaded himself that the printed Dampfschiff document he obtained at the packet-office was something equivalent to the police permit; and only discovered the error on arriving at Coblenz. "So here I am," said he, "kicking my heels, till my passport comes upward from Cologne;" and then added, in a genuine Bow-bell voice, "Well, arter all, there's no place like Lonnon!" He now told me of a subsequent adventure. By one of those unaccountable mistakes which happen amongst "foreigners on both sides," he became included in a shooting-party, at a grand battue, in the woods of Nassau. Cockney-like, he provided himself for the occasion with a great dog, of I know not what breed; but pointer or mastiff, the animal was equally out of place and rule. However the master was permitted to retain the beast, on condition of keeping him at heel, which he effected, by tying Bango with a string to the button-hole of his trouser-pocket. In this order our Cockney was planted, at a convenient post for shooting down an avenue, at whatever game might pass across it. For some time nothing stirred, but at last there was a rustle of the leaves, and a fine hare scampered along the path. Away went Bango after the hare, and away went a huge fragment of kerseymere after Bango,

leaving the astonished sportsman in even a worse plight than Sterne, when he treated the starved Ass to a maccaroon! "If ever I shoot again," said he, "it shall be round Lonnon; they're up to the thing there, pinters and all."

Apropos of sporting, the example of Markham and his friend has brought angling into fashion with some of the officers of the garrison. Amongst the rest we found a captain of engineers, making his maiden essay on the banks of the Moselle; but he complained sadly of the shyness or inappetence of the fish, which had refused even to nibble, although for the two last hours, as he took the trouble to prove to us by pulling up his line: he had been fishing at the bottom with an artificial fly! The only drawback to the amusement is the fall of large stones, not meteoric, but projected by the first idle Coblenzer of the lower class, who may happen to pass by. To such a pitch was this nuisance carried that the military piscators were obliged to post men to intercept and punish the runaway offenders. "I can only account for so malicious a practice," said Markham, "by supposing that as the amusement is English, the low-born are infected with the same petty jealousy as their betters occasionally exhibit towards our country, from Prince Pückler Muskau, down to Mr. Aloys Schreiber. But you have not perhaps seen the latter's sketch of the English in Baden? I have entered his description of an Englishman in my pocket-book, for fear of meeting one without knowing it. Here it is:—

"'If you meet a man in a great-coat that reaches down to his ankles, wide enough to inclose a whole family, and with pockets, in each of which a couple of folios might be concealed, its wearer having a careless gait, and taking notice of nothing so much as of himself, it is, without doubt, an Englishman. If he quarrel with a coachman about his fare, and with an ass-driver about his drink money—be sure it is an Englishman.'

"Now for a companion picture. If you meet a man in a frock-coat as glossy as if it had just come through a shower of rain, with pockets big enough to hold a bale of tobacco in one and a gas-pipe in the other—its wearer strutting with an indescribable swagger, so full of himself that there is no room for sour krout, beyond a question he is a German. If he catches up his umbrella and his precious meerschaum, leaving his wife and child to scramble after him as they may—be sure he is a German. If he has a little cross, or a snip of haberdashery at his button-hole, and a huge ring on his ungloved forefinger, you may set him down as an Aulic Counsellor into the bargain. If you see a young lady—but no, I will not imitate Mr. Schreiber in his want of gallantry to the daughters of the haughty '*Isle of Shopkeepers*,' a phrase borrowed from England's bitterest enemy, and therefore sufficiently expressive of the *animus* of the ungrateful Guide-Book-man towards so great a majority of his Courteous Readers."

As you are a meteorologist, I must not omit to inform

you, that during our walk we had an excellent sight of a water-spout. It came down the Moselle, and at first seemed a whirlwind of dust, in the midst of which some unlucky jackdaws were flapping about in a very bewildered manner. In a few seconds the dust or vapor cleared away and the water-spout made its appearance, extending from the water to a vast height in the clouds, where it terminated in a ragged funnel-shape, like the untwisting strands of a rope. Against the black sky behind it, the general resemblance was to a long narrow gray ribbon, bellying a little before the wind, with several smaller curves towards the top, as if from different currents of air. In this order it crossed the Rhine, rather deliberately, where, surging against the bank, it caught up a wash of linen—as it had previously carried off some skins from a tannery—and passing to the right of the fortress, was lost to sight behind the hills. It had scarcely disappeared, when, at an exclamation from Markham, "There's a screw loose in the sky!" I looked up, and saw a long black cloud slowly revolving, parallel with the earth, and pointing with its sharp end—the other was almost flat—to the other course taken by the other phenomenon. We have since heard, that the water-spout dropped the linen and leather, and expended itself, after trifling damage, not far distant from Ems.

And now, as the Convolvulus says to the setting sun, it is time for me to close. How I wish, Gerard, you could

stand beside me, rod in hand, some fine evening, on the banks of my favorite Lahn! But as it cannot be, I send you a sketch instead.

Dear love to Emily from

Yours ever truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

THE LAHN.—AN ECLOGUE.

PICTOR AND PISCATOR.

Pis. Stay! here we are, at the likeliest place on the whole water. Come, put together your rod.

Pic. O my friend, what a sweet picturesque river is this you have brought me to!—But surely one of the worst for angling in the whole world!

Pis. Nay, you shall find passable sport here, I warrant you. There be good Perch herein, and Chub of an arm's length, and Barbel; and what is better, as you are a Tyro, not shy and suspicious, like the experienced fish in your well-angled English streams, but so greedy and simple as almost to catch themselves. The Germans, however contemplative, are no followers of the gentle art.

Pic. My friend, you mistake me. My speech aimed not at the fish or the water, whereof I have had no trial, but at the beautiful scenery, which will distract me so, I shall never be able to watch my float or my fly. What

feudal Ruin is that which overlooks us from the top of the bushy hill?

Pis. It is called Lahneck, and belonged aforetime to a Commandery of Teutonic Knights. But come, make ready your tackle; for here is a notable place at this rapid where the current rushes and eddies amongst the large stones.

Pic. Now I am ready. But by your good leave, being only a beginner, I will use a worm rather than a fly.

Pis. At your own pleasure. For my part, I prefer to fish at the top. Look!—I have one at the first cast!—A huge Chub! A rare struggle he makes at the outset, but he hath a faint heart at bottom—anon you shall see him come into the landing-net as tame as a lamb.

Pic. How beautifully it comes out!—

Pis. Aye, doth he not?

Pic. —Against yon dun-colored sky. Then all those gray tints and verdant stains! And those little feathery flying clouds!

Pis. They run very large here. You may hear them chop at the flies and chafers like a dog! And though they be reckoned elsewhere the very worst of dishes for the table, let me tell you in this country, where they do not get fish from the great deep, a chub is a chub, as the saying is. I make bold to say, I shall obtain store of thanks from some good woman of a house for this same loggerhead.

Pic. Of course there is a tale to it!

Pis. A what?—a tail?—It would be a rare sort of fish without one!

Pic. I cry you mercy! I was thinking of the old feudal castle, and some marvellous legend. There must needs be some romantic story about it, amongst the rude peasantry. How beautifully the light plays upon the crisp fragment! Marry, 'tis quite a picture! I should like prodigiously to take such a one.

Pis. And so you would,—provided you would bait as I do with a live chafer or a white moth. But hist! I have him! A still larger chub than the other!

Pic. It must be many centuries old!

Pis. How? I did not know the chub was so long-lived. But perchance you were thinking of a carp. In the moats at Charlottenburg there be Carps so venerable that their age is unknown; and the moss has grown on their backs. But see,—you have a bite; your float is gone half-way across the river!

Pic. Truly, I was gazing another way. Lo! here he comes. It is a fine perch.

Pis. They are caught here of four and five pounds weight, and especially nearer to Ems; for they delight in the warm springs which thereabouts bubble up in the very midst of the Lahn. But here comes an old fisherman from the village. How he stands and stares at our prey, with his mouth in a round O, as if he would take a minnow!

Pic. What is the aged man discoursing of, with such a vehement gesture and emphatic voice, in the German tongue?

Pis. He says he is gospel-sure we have some smell or some spell to our bait beyond the natural—seeing that he hath fished here the two last days all through without a fin! And little marvel, for his tackle is a German hook like a meathook, and a line like a clothes-line, wherewith, if he entice a fish, he throws it clean over his head. But, look again to your cork!

Pic. Pish!—'tis only a very young perch.

Pis. Nay—a Pope or Ruff. Some naturalists opine, forsooth, that on being hooked, this same fish is seized with a sort of fit or spasm, which gives him the lock-jaw. But he bites far too boldly to be troubled with such weak nerves. But say they, when he is hooked he shuts up his mouth, which is contrary to the practice of fishes in the like case. And truly, when he hath once gotten the bait, instead of gaping like an idiot, or a chub, or a child with a hot morsel of pudding, he doth indeed shut up his mouth, as much as to say, "What I have got I mean to keep," and so locks up his jaws, and holds on like a bull-dog. But for a fit from fright—not he! Just look at his face, full front, how determined and desperate is his physiognomy! How fiercely he stares with his big black eyes —for his temper is up as well as his back-fin! Verily if he resembles a Pope at all, it is Pope Leo and not Pope Innocent.

Pic. Ay, truly, it is part and parcel of Popery: but it makes a pretty object in the landscape!

Pis. What object?

Pic. The little Popish chapel yonder, on the crest of the mountain. O, my friend, I thank thee most heartily for bringing me to angle in so fair a scene. How serene it is!—and how much more silent for the presence of that ancient Ruin, where so much riot hath been aforetime! How largely doth an old castle, that hath made a noise in history, enhance the present peace! Should we feel half so still or so solitary if there had never been those Knights Hospitallers, dwelling aloft, with all the shoutings of warfare and revelry, but presently dumbfounded by time? Where now is the bold German baron, with his long line of ancestry———

Pis. He's gone—a murrain on him—line and all!

Pic. Eh! What?

Pis. The heaviest chuckle-headed fellow, with such a length of gut!

Pic. The bold German baron!—

Pis. No—a chub, a chub!—but stop! I see it—he's entangled. If haply I can but leap on to that biggest stone—

Pic. How audibly the fishes are splashing and floundering in their disport! The sun is sinking beyond the Rhine! Oh my friend, look at the beautiful cool tone of that gray mountain—then the dark reflection of the vil-

lage and its trees in the glowing water,—the feudal Castle on the other hand—half in shade—and then these rocky stones in the foreground—but—grace be with us!—what hath chanced to you?

Pis. Chanced—why I have fallen into the Lahn! And the while you were poetizing I have helped myself out again! Fye, what a watery figure I am!

Pic. Beautiful! Nay, stop—pr'ythee do not stir—pray, pray, pray, stay as you be!

Pis. What for?

Pic. For one mere single minute. There! Just so. With the low setting sun glowing behind—and all those little jets and liquid drops, each catching the golden light—

Pis. A plague on it! Am I standing here, dripping, for a water-color picture? Come, put up, put up, and let us back to our inn. I must beg of our civil host to befriend me with a dry suit, and to chain up the big dog.

Pic. It will be well. But wherefore dismiss the poor dog? He was very gentle and friendly to us as we came hither. Of all animals I do love a dog!

Pis. And so do I too—in my own proper plumes. But one day a poor piscatory friend of mine fell into this same river, and was so furnished with dry clothes by our host; but after snuffing awhile and growling about his legs, the big dog flew at our unlucky angler, and with much ado was hindered from stripping him of the borrowed garments.

Pic. What marvellous sagacity! How I should like to see it tried! It would be a study for a picture?—The staunch Hound springing at Conrade of Montserrat!

Pis. I'faith I thank you heartily. Come, let us be stirring. A frize on it! How the fishes are rising!

Pic. What dainty colors on those changeful clouds Well, fare thee well, feudal Lahneck! with thy visions of Teutonic Knights—

Pis. There must needs be trouts here!

Pic. —With helmeted heads, and gauntlets on their hands!

Pis. In the season, haply, even salmon swim up this river, from the Rhine.

Pic. With an ancient minstrel before them, twanging melodiously on the harp! Nay, but stop—stop—stop!

Pis. What hath miscarried?

Pic. Nothing—but, an it please you to walk a little more slowly—to let us enjoy the scene. How the creeping shadows steal over the prospect, at every moment producing a new effect! Do look at those sportive swallows dipping into the sober-tinted wave, and producing a coruscation of burning light on ring and ripple! How soothing this stillness! How refreshing, after the noon-tide heat, this cool evening zephyr!

Pis. Ay, with a dry shirt, and unducked nether garments! But here is the ferry-boat; come, step in. Honest Charon, there is a goodly chub for thy supper, and pry-

thee thrust us speedily to the other side. Gentle, pretty country Damsels, wherefore huddle so far away from me, like a flock of timid sheep? I am but a wet man, not a wicked one. Moreover, if you crowd so to one side of the boat—ah, say I told you so!—

[*The ferry-boat heels on one side, fills, and is swamped. Fortunately the river is low, and nobody is drowned.*

Pic. [*Looking round him, up to his neck in water.*] What a subject for a picture! What a singular effect!

TO PETER BAGSTER, ESQ.

My dear Peter,—To prevent more funeral condolements and mistakes, as you may have heard some rumor of my illness, this is to say, I am alive and well. But I have had a very serious attack; so bad indeed, that I begin to think that my constitution cannot be so sapped and weak as I supposed; or how could it have held out, not only against the disorder itself, but the German doctoring of it, which, to my mind, was the most trying and dangerous of the two? But I shall save all the medicals for Truby when I get home to Kent. At any rate, to be candid, as an honest man ought to be, even at my own expense, the notion of my going off in a moment is quite settled, for if anything could bring on sudden death, eight-

and-forty hours of pain and fever were quite sufficient for a warning. Whereby you may gather that I have changed my opinion about my case; so let the doctor crack his fingers and cry out that it was all through him and his advice, to go up the river Rhine.

While I am on the subject, I ought to say that poor Kate has derived benefit as well as myself, and is a young girl for spirits compared to what she was; though mayhap she would not own to it herself, being at present in a terrible taking at what she calls a domestic misfortune, which has quite driven poor George out of her head. The same being the sudden conversion of her maid, Martha, into a papist, and such a zealous one, that she crosses her mistress as well as herself a hundred times in a day.

For my part, Peter, setting aside servants and the like, and considering only the poor and destitute orders, instead of blaming their ignorance and superstition for their being Roman Catholics, I almost wonder how they can be anything else. Having had the opportunity of studying the subject abroad by going into foreign churches and cathedrals, as well as the wretched dwellings of the lower people, it's my firm belief that their religion may be laid more to their poverty than to their ignorance. Suppose a poor old German woman, in a dark dirty cold room, without fire, without candle, and without even the chirp of a cricket, by way of company. She puts on her ragged cloak, totters fifty yards, and there she is in a comfortable church,

well warmed and lighted-up like a general illumination. She sees priests in magnificent brocaded robes, great gold and silver candlesticks, and shrines and chapels shining with jewels, mock or real is all one, rubies, amethysts, topazes, emeralds, sapphires, and so forth; things which even some of her betters are apt to connect with the treasures of Heaven and the glories of the New Jerusalem. She hears a fine organ, finely played, and chosen singers, with voices like angels, chanting hymns in an unknown tongue. I mean no disrespect to the religion in saying it's as good to her as the Italian Opera in London. Then she enjoys the smell of frankincense, and the sight of grand pictures, and statues, and carvings, and above all, there is the Virgin Mary in royal robes, with a crown and pearls, and velvet, and ermine, like a Queen of this world, and the poor old woman in her tatters has as free access to her and as long audience as the greatest court lady in the land. Is it any wonder if such a poor creature goes by choice to a church, which along with the bodily comfort she wants at home, lets her share for a while in those pleasures of sight and hearing and so forth, for which she had senses given to her by the Almighty, as well as the rich and noble of the earth?

Now in England, old friend, we make the church as unattractive, to such a poor ancient body, as we can. We stick her in a cold aisle, on a hard bench, and take no more pains to please her other senses. We bid her, forsooth,

admire the plain unadorned simplicity of the Protestant religion. But the lady in the hat and feathers has been to the Theatre, the Opera, Concerts, Exhibitions, and Balls, or Routs, six days of the week, and instead of any denial, may feel it a relief on the seventh to sit in a quiet church, and listen to its simple service. Not that I wish our temples to be turned into oratorios, or picture galleries, or stages for showy spectacles—all I want is fair play for the lower classes. If such gratifications as the Catholic churches afford to them, are out of character with our own Protestant places of worship, the poor people ought, in justice, to be allowed to enjoy them elsewhere. But instead of that, what do we do? We shut up our tombs and monuments; set a price on St. Paul's and the Abbey; our saints shake their heads at anything like a public Ball or Concert in humble life; and our magistrates put down the cheap Theatres, as if Tom and Jerry, at a penny a head, was twelve times more immoral than Tom and Jerry at a shilling. To my notion, such a system is more likely to produce Catholics than Protestants; and what is likelier still, to make the lower classes of no religion at all. It's just like Learning, which no boy in the world would take to if you sent him to a school without a playground.

Frank, who has made acquaintance with a captain in the Prussian service, went off this morning by diligence to join the regiment on its march to Berlin. He ought to have left Coblenz in company, but was taken ill. He nearly

lost his start by the coach, for when the time came, the German maid who ought to have waked him and prepared his breakfast, was snoring comfortably in her bed. But the Germans, both men and women, in such cases, are wonderfully phlegmatic. I have been told of a pig-driver who brought a porker across the Rhine, during a hard frost; the moment the porker got out of the boat, he laid himself quietly down in the snow, and instead of rousing him, the fellow coolly lugged out his flint and steel, lighted his pipe, and patiently smoked over the pig till he chose to rise of his own accord. Kätchen had no pipe; but she had some other source of philosophy, for when told that her young master had almost lost his place, she only shrugged her shoulders; and when informed that he had quite lost his breakfast, she only shrugged them again.

I have some thoughts of going up the river Rhine, as far as Schaffhausen, to see the famous waterfall; but much will depend on the weather at Frank's return. This is singing rather a different tune to my former ditties; but I know, old friend, you will be well pleased that such warnings were fancies and not facts, with

Dear Peter, your old and faithful friend,

RICHARD ORCHARD.

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

My dear Gerard,—Now for some account of what Mrs. Headrigg would doubtless have called her military "experiences." The most eligible horse I could pick up was one which had carried an engineer officer at the grand manœuvres; which I purchased for about 15*l.*—trappings and all. A Prussian military cloak, with a quiet blue collar instead of a red one, happened to match the saddle-cloth, as regulation, and made me so far complete. But, as the French say, the first step is all the difficulty; and when I ought to have stepped out of Coblenz with my friend the Captain and his 10th company, I was lying in my bed with a blister on my chest, whilst my nag went without me, like the "chief mourner" at a dragoon's funeral. The Captain left me the route, in case I should be able to join, which at last I effected. My Uncle proposed posting, but, being no disciple of Zimmermann, I preferred the Eilwagen—and, thanks to the insouciance of our German maid, who lay *dreaming* of making my breakfast, I was literally "sent empty away."

Starting on a fine fresh morning, and ascending the breezy hills in the rear of Ehrenbreitstein, it was not long before I began to feel the cravings so keenly described by the hunger-bitten heroes of Spanish romance. Scenery went for nothing; I could see no prospect but that of a

"THE POMPS AND VANITIES OF THIS WICKED WORLD.

déjeûner, which Schreiber's Guide promised me at the end of the stage. German travelling is proverbially "dooms slow," but, compared with my *fast*, it seemed slower than usual; but there is no inducing a royal postilion, for the King is universal coach-owner, to go any quicker to suit his "insides." It appeared an age, ere we arrived at Ems, which like literal M's, seemed to my fancy to stand for Mocha and Muffins. At last, we stopped at the door of some Hotel, ample enough to furnish a public dinner. "How long do we stay here?" "Ten minutes, sir." "Good: a roll and a cup of coffee." And to save time, the refreshments were paid for beforehand. Good, again. But five long minutes elapsed, then six, then seven, and, at the eighth, came the roll and the cup of coffee; boiling hot; —with a jug of boiling-hot milk—there ought to have been a boiling-hot cup and a red-hot spoon. The roll might be pocketed,—but the coffee could not well be poured in after it, à-la-Grimaldi. In the mean time, the post-horn kept blowing, but without making the beverage any cooler: pshaw! —the trick was palpable and provoking, and a few warm words might have fallen naturally from a scalded tongue. But the contrast between the paltriness of the fraud and the magnificent saloon in which it was perpetrated, had something in it so ludicrous that I got into the coupé again in tolerable good-humor. I have since heard that such tricks upon travellers are so common, as to have been made the foundation of a German farce; and, truly, to a flying visi-

tor they are but fly-bites which he gets rid of with a cursory d—n and a blast of the horn: but, as Markham says, when cheating and extortion come home to you as a resident, and become part of your fixtures, you have occasion to read, on week-days as well as Sundays, in the book of Job.

Turning my back upon the inhospitable Hôtel (de Russie?) I beheld my beloved Lahn, and could not help exclaiming, "Oh! ye Naiads, can the scalding, parboiling springs uprising in the very middle of your native stream, be so repulsive to you, as the presence in this pretty Valley —meant for silence, solitude, and sweet thoughts—of Pride, Pomp, Vanity, the frenzy of Gambling, and all the hotter passions of human nature?"

As for Health, if there ever was such a Goddess resident at Ems, she must long since have been scared away by the infraction of sanitary rules. For instance, you are not to eat fruit; which, by the practice at the Speisesaals, seems interpreted into a gluttonous license to eat everything else, in any possible quantity. You are to keep your mind calm, and unruffled—towards which, you are supplied with public and private gaming tables; you are not to worry yourself with business—but invited to make a business of pleasure at everlasting assemblies and balls. The whole thing is a profitable Hoax on pretended Temperance Principles. The very preparation for taking the waters (vide Schreiber) ought to prevent your having any occasion

for them—namely, exercise, plain diet, abstinence from hot wines, or stimulative drinks—early rising and bedding, and command of your passions: in short, when you are fit to go to Ems, you need not leave Piccadilly. The rules pompously given out for your regimen at any of the great German Watering-places, are, in the main, quite as applicable to Norton Folgate or Bullock Smithy. If—"there is much virtue in that if"—if a man could dismiss all thoughts of business that are bothering, all ideas of pleasure but what are innocent—if he could forget that he has a head except for pleasant thoughts, or a stomach except for wholesome things—if he would not over-walk, over-ride, over-watch, over-sleep, over-eat, over-drink, over-work, or over-play himself, to my fancy he would be a fool to leave the blessed spot, wherever he might me, for any watering-place but Paradise and the River of Life.

On quitting the Lahn, the beauty of the scenery dwindles like a flower for the want of *watering*, and you enter on a lumpy-bumpy-humpy country, which is the more uninteresting as, in getting over this "ground-swell," you do it at a walk. German horses object to go up hill at any other pace; and German postilions prevent their trotting or galloping down—by which hearse-like progress we at last looked down on the slated roofs of Langen Schwalbach or "Swallow's Brook." Whereby hangs, an't please you, a swallow tale.

THE FLOWER AND THE WEED.

A LEGEND OF SCHWALBACH.

"Yes," said Mr. Samuel Brown, gently closing the book he had just been reading, and looking up cheerfully at the ceiling, "yes, I will go to Germany!"

Mr. Samuel Brown was an Englishman, middle-aged, and a bachelor; not that the last was his own fault, for he had tried as often to change his state, and had made as many offers, as any man of his years. But he was unlucky. His rejected addresses had gone through nearly as numerous editions as the pleasant work under the same title: his heart and hand had been declined so frequently that, like the eels under another painful operation, he had become quite used to it. It was even whispered amongst his friends, that he had advertised in the *Herald* for a matrimonial partner, but without success. As he was well to do in the world, the obstacle, most probably, was his person; which, to tell the truth, was as plain and commonplace as his name. Be that as it may, he was beginning in despair to make up his mind to a housekeeper and a life of celibacy, when all at once his hopes were revived by the perusal of a certain book of Travels.

"Yes," said Mr. Samuel Brown, again opening the volume wherein he had kept the place with his forefinger, "I will certainly go to Germany!" and once more he read

aloud the delightful paragraph, which seemed to him better than the best passage in the Pleasures of Hope. It ran thus :—

"*It is this, said one of the ladies, which makes the society of foreigners so much too agreeable to us. A mouth uncontaminated by a pipe, may win with words, which, if scented with tobacco, would be listened to with very different emotions.*"*

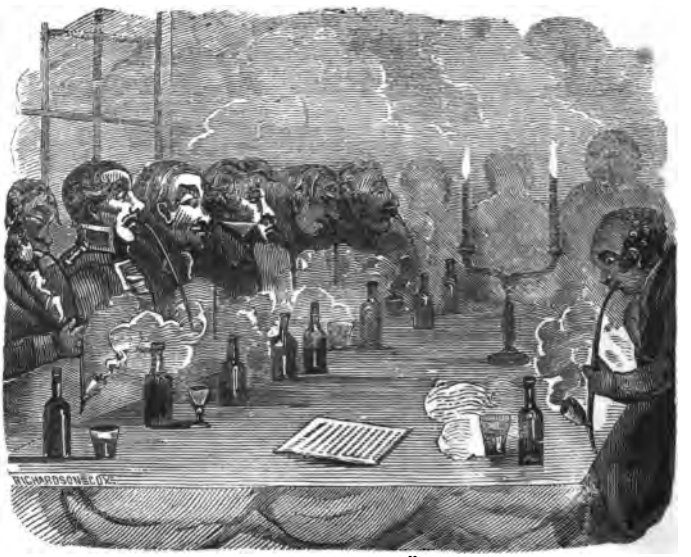
"So much TOO agreeable;" repeated Mr. Samuel Brown, briskly rubbing his hands with satisfaction—"an uncontaminated mouth; why, I never smoked a pipe in my life, not even a cigar! Yes, I *will* go to Germany!"

A single man, without incumbrance, is moved as easily as an empty hand-barrow. On the Saturday, Mr. Samuel Brown locked up his chambers in the Adelphi, procured a passport from Mr. May, got it countersigned by Baron Bülow, engaged a berth in the Batavier, sailed on Sunday, and in thirty hours landed at Rotterdam. The very next morning he started up the Rhine for Nimeguen, thence to Cologne; and, again, by the first boat to Coblenz. To most persons the greater part of this water progress is somewhat wearisome; but to our hero it was very delightful, and chiefly so from a circumstance that is apt to disgust other travellers—the perpetual smoking. But Mr. Brown enjoyed it; and with expanded nostrils greedily inhaled the reeky vapor, as a hungry beggar snuffs up the

* Mrs. Trollope's Western Germany.

fumes of roast meat. If anything vexed him, it was to see a pipe standing idle in a corner of the cabin; but he had not often that annoyance. If anything pleased him, it was to see a jolly German, with an ample tobacco-bag gaily embroidered, hung at his button-hole, puffing away lustily at his meerschaum. But his ecstacy was at its height when, on entering at night the Speisesaal of the Grand Hôtel de Belle Vue, he found above a score of cloud-compelling Prussians smoking themselves and each other, till they could scarcely see or be seen.

The seventh day found Mr. Samuel Brown established at Schwalbach—a selection he had prudently made to avoid any rivalship from his countrymen. In fact he was the only Englishman in the place. It was the height of the season, and the hotels and lodging-houses were full of guests, old and young, sick and well, gay and sober, gentle and simple. What was more to the point, there were shoals of single females, beautiful Fräuleins, German houris, all ready of course to listen to a foreigner so much too agreeable, and with lips never contaminated by a pipe. The only difficulty was, amongst so many, to make a choice. But our Samuel resolved not to be rash. To ask was to have, and he might as well have the best. Accordingly, he frequented the promenades and the rooms, regularly haunted the Weinbrunnen, the Stahlbrunnen, and the Pauline; and dined, in succession, at all the public tables. In the meantime, he could not help noticing, with inward



"LA BELLE VUE."

triumph, how little chance the natives had of gaining the hearts of their fair countrywomen. A few, indeed, merely whiffed at a cigar, but nine tenths of them sucked, unweaned, at that "instrument of torture," a pipe. He saw officers, tall, handsome men, with mustachios to drive any civilian to despair—but they had all served at the battle of Rauchen,—and in the Allée often verified the description by Mr. Brown's favorite authoress:—

"*The ladies throw their bonnets aside, leaving their faces no other protection but their beautiful and abundant hair. The gentlemen, many of them military, sit near, if a chair can be found; or if not, stand behind them like courteous cavaliers as they are; excepting (oh horror of horrors!) they turn aside from the lovely group, and smoke!*"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Samuel Brown, quoting to himself —"*to expose these delicate, sweet-looking females to the real suffering which the vicinity of breath, infected by tobacco, occasions, is positive cruelty!*" It was his topmost pleasure to watch such offenders; and when the operation was over—when the tobacco-bag was bulging out one coat-pocket, and the end of the tube was projecting like a tail from the other, with what gusto used he to walk round and round the unconscious German, sniffing the stale abomination in his clothes, in his person, in his hair! Better to him was that vapid odor than all the spicy scents of Araby the Blest: eau de Cologne, otto of roses, jasmin,

millefleurs, verbena, nothing came near it. As a baffled fox-hunter once cursed the sweetest of Flora's gifts as "those stinking vi'lets," so did our wife-hunter choose to consider one of the nastiest smells in nature as the very daintiest of perfumes!

At length Mr. Samuel Brown made his election. The Fräulein Von Nasenbeck was of good family, young and pretty (a blonde), with a neat figure, and some twenty thousands of dollars at her own disposal. Why, with such advantages, she had never married, would have been a mystery, if Samuel's favorite book, which he always carried in his pocket, had not hinted a sufficient reason. "*In the same country, where the enthusiasm of sentiment is carried to the highest pitch, and cherished with the fondest reverence, the young men scruple not to approach the woman they love with sighs, which make her turn her head aside, not to hide the blush of happiness, but the loathing of involuntary disgust.*"

"Of course that's it," soliloquized the exulting Samuel, "but *my* lips have not been sophisticated with tobacco, and she will listen to volumes from me, when she would not hear a single syllable from one of your smoke-jacks!" The difficulty was to get introduced; but even this was accomplished by dint of perseverance; and, fortune still favoring him, one day he found himself tête-à-tête with his Love-Elect. Such an opportunity was not to be lost; so, thrusting one hand in his pocket, as if to derive inspiration

from his book, and gently laying the other on his bosom, he heaved a deep sigh, and then began, partly quoting from memory, in the following words:—"It's a pity, my dear miss, it's really a pity to witness *so glaring a defect in a people so admirable in other respects.*"

"It is how?" said the puzzled Fräulein.

"I allude," said Samuel, pointing to a group of Germans, "to your young countrymen. *To behold their youthful faces one moment beaming with the finest expression, and the next stultified by that look of ineffable stupidity produced by smoking, is really too vexatious!*"

"Ach!" ejaculated the fair Fräulein, with a slight shrug of her beautiful shoulders.

"Oh," exclaimed Samuel in a passionate tone, pressing his right hand on his heart, and looking with all the tenderness he could assume at the young lady—"Oh! that indeed is a face *whose delicacy is better fitted to receive the gales of Eden, than the fumes of tobacco!*"

"Did you never smoke yourself?" asked the Fräulein, in her pretty broken English.

"NEVER!" said Samuel, with as much solemn earnestness as if he had been disclaiming a murder.

"Never!—and so help me God! I never will!"

The Fräulein dropped the cloth she was embroidering, and stared at the speaker till her light blue eyes seemed to dilate to twice their natural size. But she did not utter a word.

"No!" resumed Samuel, with increasing energy; "this

mouth was never contaminated with pipe-clay, and never shall be! Never will I fumigate the woman I love with sighs that make her turn her head right round with disgust!"

"Do you tink to smoke is so bad?" inquired the Fräulein, with all the innocent simplicity of a child.

"Bad!" echoed Samuel. "I think it a vile, abominable, filthy, dirty practice!—Don't you?"

"I never tink of de matter at all, one way or anoder," replied the placid Fräulein.

"But you consider it a hateful, loathsome, nasty habit?"

"Habit? oh no!—For de Germans to smoke is so natural as to eat, as to drink, as to sleep!"

"At least," said Samuel, now getting desperately alarmed, "you would not allow a smoker to approach very near your person; for instance, to whisper to you, much less to —to—to embrace you, or offer you a salute?"

"Why for not?" inquired the lovely Fräulein, with unusual vivacity. "I have been so accustomed to since I was borned. When I was one leetle child—a bibi—mine dear fader did smoke whiles he holded me on his two knees. Mine dear broder did take his pipe from out his mouth to give me one kiss. Mine cousin, Albrecht,—do you see dis piece of work I am making?" and she held up the embroidered cloth—"dis shall be one tobacco-bag for mine good cousin!"

"Is it possible," exclaimed Samuel, his voice quivering

with agitation—"Born in smoke! nursed in smoke! bred in smoke!"

"It is all so, everywhere," said the quiet Frulein.

"Once more!" cried the trembling Samuek "Excuse me, but, if I may ask, would you bestow your hand—your heart—your lovely person, on—on—on—on a fellow that smoked?"

"I am verlobt," murmured the pretty Fräulein, blushing and casting down her light blue eyes. "That means to say I am one half married, to my cousin Albrecht."

"Betrothed, I suppose," muttered the disappointed Samuel. "And—and, other German young ladies?" he asked in a croaking voice—"are they of the same opinions?—the same tolerant opinions as to smoking?"

"Ja wohl!—yes, certainly—so I believe."

Poor Samuel could bear no more. Taking a hurried leave of the adorable Fräulein, he jumped up from his chair, dashed along the Allée, climbed the hill, plunged into the woods, and never halted till he was stopped by the stream. Then taking a hasty glance around to make sure that he was alone, he plucked the fatal book from his pocket, and repeated aloud the following passage:—

"*Could these young men be fully aware of the effect this habit produces upon their charming countrywomen, I am greatly tempted to believe that it would soon get out of fashion.*"

The next moment the leaf he had been reading from was

plucked out, torn into a hundred fragments and scattered to the winds. Another, and another, and another, followed, till the whole volume was completely gutted; and then, with an oath too dreadful to be repeated, he tossed the empty cover into the Schwalbach!

In five days afterwards, Mr. Samuel Brown was back in his old chambers in the Adelphi, and in five more he had engaged a housekeeper and set in for an Old Bachelor.

At Schwalbach I dined with a solitary companion, who was carried into the room, like a child, and seated at the table. By his physiognomy he was a Jew, and in spite of his helpless, crippled condition, so good-humored and so cheerful, that I felt a blush of self-reproach and shame to think that, with good health and the use of all my limbs, I could be accessible to spleen or impatience. Ere re-entering the coach, which by rights should carry no outside passengers, I saw our merry Cripple carried up a ladder and deposited in a low chair of peculiar construction, which was fastened on the roof, and not a few jokes were bandied between him and the spectators on his unusual elevation. As soon as he was secured, the little fat postilion raised his horn with its huge tassels to his lips, and after blowing till his red face turned purple and the whites of his eyes to pink, there came out of the tube a squeak so thin, so poor, and so pig-like, that I involuntarily looked round for the Schwein-General, his huge whip, and its victim. Few persons

FOUR-IN-HAND.

would believe, on hearsay, from such an instrument, that the Germans are a musical people, or that there is a Royal prize or pool of a silver watch, or the like, for the performer who "plays the best trump." To hear a postilion taking advantage of the long Rhine Bridge, where, by law, he must walk his horses, to play a solo on this impracticable instrument to the *mocking* echoes from the neighboring mountains, you not only think that he must be a crazy Fanatico in music, but that his trumpet is *cracked* too.

Our postilion, however, whatever his merits on the horn, was a good, kind-hearted fellow, and paid great attention to his paralyzed passenger, repeatedly turning round in the saddle to point out to him what was worthy of notice on the road: at last, with a very justifiable pride in his country, he fairly pulled up on the summit of a hill called the Hohe Wurzel, which I presume to translate the Turnip Top—commanding a superb view over the Rheingau, in all the glory of its autumnal coloring, and, like other beauties, greatly enhanced by its meandering blue veins, the Rhine and the Maine. I will only say of the view, that five minutes of it justified the whole tediousness of the journey. It was still glowing in my mind's eye when we entered Wiesbaden, where we suddenly passed under an archway, like those that admit you into the yard of some of our London inns. I was struck, on turning into the gateway, by the very hilarious faces of the bystanders; and finding, on alighting, a similar circle of grinning men, women, and

boys, with their eyes cast upwards to the roof of the coach, I looked in the same direction, and saw our merry Cripple laughing, as heartily as any of them, and re-adjusting himself in his lofty chair. It appeared that his good friend the Postilion, unaccustomed to outside passengers, and doubly engaged in guiding his vehicle into the town, and blowing a flourish on his horn, had totally forgotten his lame charge on the roof, who only saved himself from destruction in the archway by an extraordinary activity in prostration! We left the *patient* Patient at Wiesbaden, most probably to make trial of the baths; and he had so won my heart by his sweet, cheerful resignation, that I could not help wishing an angel might come down and trouble the waters, like those of Bethesda, for his sake.

The mere glimpse I had of Wiesbaden produced in me a feeling the reverse of love at first sight. It looked to my taste too like an inland Brighton; and I was not sorry to get away from it by even an uninteresting road, lined with fruit trees on each side. It was dusk when I arrived at Frankfort; so, having supped, I booked myself onward, by the night coach. The Prince of Thurm and Taxis, a sort of Postmaster-general, has here his head-quarters, and nothing could be better than his travelling regulations, if they were only enforced. Thus by one article it is forbidden to smoke in the public vehicles, without the consent of the whole company, whereas, instead of regularly publishing the banns between himself and his pipe, I never yet knew

a German proceed even so far as the first time of asking. Imagine, then, the discomfort of sitting all night with both windows up, and five smoking, or smoked fellow-travellers in an un-Rumfordized Eilwagen! Nothing, indeed, seems so obnoxious to German lungs as the pure ether, and I can quite believe the story of a Prussian doctor, who recommended to a consumptive countryman to smoke Virginian tobacco instead of the native sort, just as an English physician in the like case would advise a change of air.

I suppose it was the effect of the narcotic, but though I certainly breakfasted bodily at Saalmünster, my mind did not properly wake up till we arrived at Fulda, an ecclesiastical city with a Bishop's palace, a cathedral, and a great many beggars. The old religious establishments, like our old Poor Laws, indubitably relieved a great number of mendicants, but made quite as many more—as witness, Fulda and Cologne. One little beggar had planted himself with his flute by the road-side, and, with a complimentary anticipation of English charity and loyalty, was blowing with all his might at "God Save the King."

And now for a little episode. One of our wheelers chose to run restive, if such a phrase may be applied to standing as stock-still as if you had said "Burr-r-r-r-r-r!" to him; which, by the way, is a full stop to any horse in Germany. The postilion could make nothing of him, for the Germans are peculiarly and praiseworthily tender of their cattle; so out jumped the conducteur, a little, florid, punchy man,

and first taking a run backward, made a rush at the obstinate horse, at the same time roaring like a bear. That failing, he tried all the noises of which the human organs are capable; he hooted at the obstinate beast; he howled, growled, hissed, screamed, and grunted at him. He danced at him, anticked at him, shook his fist and his head, and made faces at him. Then he talked to him, and chirped to him. But the horse was not to be bullied or cajoled. So the little man, losing patience, made a kick at him; but owing to the shortness of his own legs, came a foot short. Finally, he stood and looked at the brute, which unexpectedly answered; for when he had looked long enough, the horse began to move of his own accord. But the conducteur bore the matter in mind. The next stage, having a steep ascent to face, we had six horses to our team, and several persons alighted to walk up the hill; amongst the rest a Russian Baron and the conducteur. The latter, with an obstinate brute in his head, went straight up to the hedge, knife in hand, to cut a cudgel against the next stoppage,—but whether, wearing no blinkers, the six horses saw the operation, or whether, the German being a horse-language, they overheard and understood his threatenings, —before the little man could cut his stick the animals cut theirs, and took the heavy Eilwagen up the hill at a gallop. Luckily they stopped near the top of the ascent, and allowed the Russian to run up, "thawed and dissolved into a

dew," followed by the panting, puffing conducteur, but without his unnecessary bludgeon.

On reaching the crest of the hill, we had a fine view across a woody ravine, of the castle of Wartburg; and then descending to the left, came under banks of such a ruddy soil, that I could not help exclaiming mentally, "Heaven shield us from the Vehm Gericht!" a secret tribunal, whose jurisdiction, you know, extended over the "Red Earth." Excuse the haberdashery phrases, but it was really maroon-colored, trimmed with the richest dark-green velvet turfs. In a short time we entered Eisenach, one of the most clean-looking and quiet of towns; yet it was a poor scholar of its free school, who had begged from door to door for his maintenance, that was doomed to out-bellow the Pope's bulls, and out-preach the thunders of the Vatican! From Eisenach, passing some of the neatest, cleanest, and cosiest brick built cottages I have ever seen out of England, we rattled into Gotha, which verily seemed the German for Gandercleugh! It was market-day, and the whole town was in a hiss and a scream with St. Michael's poultry. Everybody was buying or selling, or trying to buy or sell, a goose. Here was a living snow-white bargain being thrust into a basket;—yonder was another being carried off by the legs; a third housewife was satisfying herself and a flapping gray gander of his weight avoirdupois, by hanging him by the neck.—Saxon peasant girls were thronging in from all quarters, with

baskets, like our old mail-coaches, at their backs; in which dickey one or two long-necked anserine passengers were sitting and looking about them like other travellers in a strange place. The females were generally fair, fresh-coloured, and good-looking; and the variety of their head-gear in caps, toques, and turbans, was as pleasant as picturesque. Some of them were quite Oriental; and even a plain straw bonnet was made characteristic, by a large black cockade on each side.

I dined at Gotha, at a table-d'hôte. Just before the soup, a young Saxon girl came in, and modestly and silently placed a little bunch of flowers beside each plate. It seemed to me the prettiest mode of begging in the world; nevertheless, one ugly fellow churlishly threw the humble bouquet on the floor; an act the more repulsive, as great kindness to children is an amiable trait in the German character. How I wished to lay before him the chapter of Sterne and the Mendicant Monk!

A circumstance which occurred here caused me some speculation. Mine host, during the dinner, was at great pains to converse with me in my own language, but with little success. In the meantime the guests successively departed, save one, who, directly we were tête-à-tête, addressed me, to my surprise, in very good English. The same evening another gentleman who had allowed me to stammer away to him in very bad German, was no sooner seated snugly by me in the coupé of the diligence than he opened in good Lindley Murray sentences, and we discoursed for some hours on London society and literature. Perhaps the Police had on them a fit of "fly-catching," as subsequently we were detained for two hours by a very rigorous examination of passports. From some informality my own was refused the visé; but I took the matter as the German doctor treated my uncle's symptoms,—"Has he any appetite?"—None at all. "*Bon!*—Does he sleep?"—Not a wink. "*Bon!*—Has he any pain?—A good

deal. "*Bon!*" again. So I said *Bon*, too, and beg to recommend it to travellers as a very serviceable word on most occasions. Thenceforward, however, my conversable companion fought very shy of me; for he had been a refugee in England on account of his opinions, and had only just made submission, and been reconciled to the Prussian government. For my own part, I did not hear a single word on politics, from Erfurt to Halle, but a great many on the famous hoax of Sir John Herschel's discovery of Lunar Angels; a subject which, like any other, with plenty of moonshine in it, took amazingly with the speculative Germans.

On alighting at Halle, I found my friend the Captain at the coach door, who speedily introduced me at the regimental head-quarters. The officers welcomed me with great warmth and friendliness; and I soon found myself seated beside a jovial bowl of Cardinale, and for the first time in my life in an agreeable mess. On inquiry, I was quartered, where many a sheep and bullock had been, in Butcher Street,—where for sixpence, in a very decent bed, I had five hours of remarkably cheap, deep sleep. At four the next morning I rose, by trumpet-call; breakfasted, mounted, and between the tail of the 9th and the head of the 10th company of the 19th Infantry Regiment, was crossing part of that immense plain which surrounds Leipzig. Ere we had gone far, one of our longest-legged Lieutenants suddenly ran out of the road and brought captive a

boy with a tinful of hot sausages. In a few minutes, his whole stock in hand was purchased off and paid for at his own price; and I was simple enough to be rejoicing in the poor fellow's lucky hit, and to take the glistening in his eyes for tears of joy, when all at once he burst into a roar of grief and blubbering, and sobbed out that he wished, he did, instead of a tinful of his commodity, he had brought a cartload !—

"Man never is, but always to be, blest."

If one could suspect Nature of being so unnatural, the vast flat we were traversing seemed intentionally laid out for nations to fight out their quarrels in; some idea of the extent of the plain may be formed from the fact, that at the great Battle of Leipzig in 1813 the cannon fired on one wing could not be heard at the other. As we passed through the villages, my civilian's round hat caused some curiosity and speculation amongst the natives, all practically acquainted with what was the correct costume. One man called out, "There goes the Doctor!" but from a certain gravity of countenance and the absence of moustachios, the majority set me down as the Chaplain. At all events, so much of the military character was attributed to me, that the toll-keepers forbore to make any demand, and allowed me to decide that disputed problem whether cavalry can successfully cope with the *'pike*. The foot marched on merrily, occasionally singing, some fifty or so in chorus, in

excellent time and tune; and about noon, at the little town of Brenha, near Bitterfeld, the regiment halted—dismiss—and in ten minutes not a soldier was visible in the streets. They were all dining or enjoying a sleep. Not being fatigued, I amused myself with a volume presented to the Captain by a clergyman at whose house he was quartered in Nassau. The worthy pastor had, no doubt, served in his youth, and, with a lingering affection for the "sogering" (a pattern rubbed in with gunpowder is not easily rubbed out again), had made a Collection of German War Songs. The following, of which I give a literal translation, may, I believe, be attributed to his own pen. It smacks of the very spirit of Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, and seems written with the point of a bayonet on the parchment of a drum!

LOVE LANGUAGE OF A MERRY YOUNG SOLDIER.

"*Ach, Gretchen, mein täubchen.*"

O Gretel, my Dove, my heart's Trumpet,
My Cannon, my Big Drum, and also my Musket,
O hear me, my mild little Dove,
In your still little room.

Your portrait, my Gretel, is always on guard,
Is always attentive to Love's parole and watchword;
Your picture is always going the rounds,
My Gretel, I call at every hour!

My heart's Knapsack is always full of you;
My looks, they are quartered with you;
And when I bite off the top end of a cartridge,
Then I think that I give you a kiss.

You alone are my Word of Command and orders,
Yea, my Right-face, Left-face, Brown Tommy, and wine,
And at the word of command "Shoulder Arms!"
Then I think you say "Take me in your arms."

Your eyes sparkle like a Battery,
Yea, they wound like Bombs and Grenades;
As black as Gunpowder is your hair,
Your hand as white as Parading breeches!

Yes, you are the Match and I am the Cannon;
Have pity, my love, and give quarter,
And give the word of command "Wheel round
Into my heart's Barrack Yard."

In the evening I joined a party of officers, and played Whisk, and then more cheap deep sleep—I fear it will cause a run upon the place to quote my bill; but dinner, supper, bed, and breakfast, seven groschen!!!

Trumpet at four. Rose and dressed in the dark; my own fault entirely, for giving the Captain a little bottle of cayenne pepper, wherein his servant, unacquainted with the red condiment, groped with his matches for half an hour in the vain hope of an instantaneous light. After a longish walk, arrived at Kremnitz, a village near Grafenhainchen,

where I found my dinner waiting for me at a country inn: the Captain quartered at Burg Kremnitz, three or four hundred yards distant. I soon had an invitation to the château. The baron was absent, but his major-domo or castellan treated us with great hospitality. It was a large country-house, with a farm attached to it: the first living object I met being a pig afflicted, poor fellow, with rheumatism, which I am apt to have myself, only I do not walk about on three legs, with my head stuck on one side. There was something in the plan and aspect of the whole place that vividly reminded me of mansions familiar to me in Scotland, and the impression was confirmed by the appearance of the Castellan and Land Steward, who looked quite Scotch enough to have figured in a picture of Wilkie's. It seemed to me as if even their unintelligible language was only a broader Scotch than I was accustomed to. But the illusion was dispelled by another personage quite foreign to the picture, and I lost some of my pity for the stiff-necked pig in looking at a female who had voluntarily fixed her head in almost as irksome a position. In honor of the strange guests, she had donned a large Elizabethan ruff, which, being fastened behind to the back of her cap, forbade her to look to right or left, without a corresponding wheel of the whole body. As she wore this pillory during the two days of our visit, it must have been a tolerable sacrifice of comfort to appearance. We supped on poultry, carp, and jack, and drank a very fair wine, produced on

the estate. The next day being a rest, we devoted to fishing; and having had but indifferent success at the mill, the castellan, after a shrewd inspection of our flimsy-looking tackle, gave us leave to fish in a piece of water in the garden. But his face very comically lengthened between wonder and anxiety, as he saw jack after jack hoisted out of his preserve, and was evidently relieved when we gave over the sport: indeed, he told us, half in earnest, that if we came again, he should set a guard over the ponds. He then went to fish himself, in a wooden box or lock, through which passed a small running stream; in this receptacle, having little room for exercise, the huge carp thrive and fatten like pigs in a sty. As a sample of an ill wind, the land-steward told us of a gale that blew down no less than forty thousand trees on the estate,—stopped all the roads in the vicinity, which took fourteen days in clearing; and the whole of the wreck is not yet removed! More deep cheap sleep, and a bill. What a difference between the charges of the byewaymen and the highwaymen of Germany!—amounting to "almost nothing." The villagers here very generally returned to the private soldiers the five groschen per day allowed by the king, and gave them a glass of schnaps into the bargain.

At four o'clock, blown out of bed again; breakfasted and stumbled through the dark towards a certain spot, where, by dint of flint and steel, the soldiers of the 10th company were sparkling like so many glow-worms. This early

starting was generally necessary to enable us to join the main body on the high road. About noon we crossed the Elbe, by a thousand feet of wooden bridge, and entered Wittenberg. A friend of the Captain's here met us, and by his invitation, we dined with the officers of the garrison at the Casino; the same courteous gentleman kindly undertook to show me what was best worth seeing in the place. Of course my first local association was with Hamlet, whom Shakspeare most skilfully and happily sent to school at Wittenberg—for the Prince-Philosopher, musing and metaphysical, living more in thought than in action, is far more of a German than a Dane. I suspect that Hamlet is, for this very reason, a favorite in Germany. My next thoughts settled upon Luther, to whom, perhaps, Wittenberg owed the jovial size of the very article I had been drinking from, a right Lutheran beer-glass, at least a foot high, with a glass cover.

In the market-place, under a cast-iron Gothic canopy, stands a metal statue of the Great Reformer, with a motto I heartily wish some of the reformed would adopt, instead of dandling and whining over Protestantism, as if it had been a sickly ricketty bantling from its birth.

> "If it be God's work it will stand,
> If it be man's it will fall."

The statue itself represents a sturdy brawny friar, with a two-story chin, and a neck and throat like a bull's. To the

reader of Rabelais there cannot be a truer effigy of his jolly fighting, toping, praying Frair John; a personage I have little doubt was intended by the author for Luther. Motteux suggests as much in his preface, but abandons the idea for a more favorite theory. Rabelais and Luther, both born in the same year, were equally anti-catholic in their hearts, and attacked the abuses of Popery precisely according to their national temperaments—the witty Frenchman with banter, raillery, and persiflage, the German with all the honest dogged earnestness of his countrymen. Just turn to the memoirs of Luther compiled from his own letters, and compare the man with Friar John, the warm advocate of marriage, in his counsel to Panurge, and described as "an honest heart, plain, resolute, good fellow; he travels, he labors, he defends the oppressed, comforts the afflicted, helps the needy, and keeps the close of the abbey."

Luther's residence in Wittenberg is now a theological college, much given, I was told, to mysticism.

In the evening, accompanied by Lieut. Von J., we drove for an hour through deep sand to our quarters, passing by the way a well, miraculously discovered by Luther when he was thirsty, by a scratch on the ground with his staff; a miracle akin to that at the marriage at Cana, in Galilee, would have been more characteristic. At Prühlitz, a very little village, the Captain found his appointed lodging in a room used as the church; my own dormitory was the ball-room. To my infinite surprise, I found in it a four-posted

bedstead!—however, by way of making it un-English, the bed was made at an angle of about thirty degrees, so that I enjoyed all night much the same exercise and amusement in slipping down and climbing up again as are afforded by what are called Russian Mountains.

Our next day's march was across country, often through deep sand, and over such a desolate "blasted heath," that at every ascent I expected to see some forlorn sea-coast. We halted at the general rendezvous and breakfasted à-la-champêtre, in the Mark of Brandenburg. No wonder the Markgraves fought so stoutly for a better territory! To judge by the sketches produced by the officers, there had been but sorry quartering over night. One officer had such a tumble-down hut assigned to him, that his very dog put his tail between his legs and howled at it; a second had slept in a pigeon-house, and was obliged to have the birds driven out before he could dress in the morning; and our friend Von C., by some mistake, was billeted on the whole wide world! Our march lasted eight hours with a grand parade, as a rehearsal, for Potzdam, by the way; but the country being thinly peopled and the villages few and far between, the actual walk was enormously added to by digressions on either side of the main road. Thus having arrived at a vast heath, the tenth and eleventh companies were recommended to the accommodations of a village at an hour's distance,—whilst the unlucky twelfth had to go to another as much

beyond. So we started on our own steeple chase, and at last marched into Nichol, through a gazing population of married women in red toques, single women in black ones, and benedicts and bachelors in sheepskin pelisses with the wool inwards. Our host, a sort of Dorfmeister, or village mayor, was in a robe of the same fashion. The mayoress had a round head, round forehead, round chin, two round cheeks as red as Dutch apples, a round bust that seemed inclosed in a bolster, and a round body in a superfluity of blue petticoats. The captain of the eleventh called very politely to see how I was off for quarters, before he visited his own, and in a short time after his departure I saw him walking up and down outside like a chafing lion: having been billetted by our host to sleep in the same room with a man, his wife, and their seven children. Unluckily there were no more lodgings to let in the place, and the captain was fain to occupy a shake-down on the forms in the village school-room.

I doubt if Captain Cook's first appearance amongst the Sandwiches caused more curiosity than mine did amongst the Nicholites, a party of whom kept watch in front of the house, and stared at me through the window as if they had actually been sheep all through, instead of only in their skins. However, I contrived to give them the slip towards evening, and took a walk in the village, where I witnessed a sight akin to some so admirably described by the Blower of the Bubbles. Possibly some Schwein General had dis-

missed his army at tht outskirts, but one long-legged pig after another came cantering or trotting into the village, and went with military regularity to his own quarters. If the door of the yard or garden was open, in he went; if not, he stood and grunted and at last whined for admittance. For there is a sense of "no place like home" even in a pig. Number one, at whose gate he waited, was only a mean hovel, whereas number two was comparatively "a cottage of gentility," and the yard door stood invitingly open; but piggy stood true to the humbler tenement. Better bred swine I have certainly seen in England, but none so well taught. I almost thought the Prussian system of universal education had been extended to the lower animals. After the pigs came the geese, and behaved in the same orderly way.

On leaving Nichol I had a hearty shake of the hand from our Host and Hostess, with a hope I had been satisfied with my entertainment and the charge for it. If I had not, I must have been an Elwes. On the point of starting, his Worship begged to avail himself of my extended knowledge as a traveller, to set him at rest as to a word he had read or heard of, namely, Flanders,—"whether they were a sort of money, like Florins?" So I briefly explained to him a matter which, as travellers seldom visit such an out-of-the-world village, had perhaps puzzled its worthy chief magistrate for the last twenty years.

From the specimen I had seen, during the last march, of

the country of the Mark, it seemed rather surprising how such a territory as the present Kingdom had accumulated round such a nucleus. But has Prussia done growing? In the various petty states I had previously passed through, each had its peculiar money, its public liveries, and its striped boundary posts of its proper colors. But at the same time they had all embraced the Prussian commercial system; in some cases even enforced by Prussian douaniers; they were all traversed by royal mails, bearing the arms of Frederick William, and his coinage was current throughout. In short, a process of amalgamation is quietly going on, founded, it is quite possible, with ulterior views, for the Black Eagle has never shown any disinclination to become a Roc.

Another march, with another grand rehearsal by the way, brought us to Belitz, a garrison town, into which I had the honor of helping to lead the regiment. The truth is, in attempting "to go ahead" to the post-office, my horse refused to pass the big drum, and the road narrowing over a little wooden bridge, I had no alternative but to charge through a crowd of children of all ages, or ride behind the band, cheek by jowl with the major in command for the day. My humanity preferred the last, at the expense, I suspect, of a grand breach of military etiquette. Quarters at Schlunkendorf, a village to the left, at a miller's, whose parlor floor, by its undulations, plainly reminded us that it was a house built upon the sand. The moment, indeed,

you stepped abroad, you were in sand up to the ankles, and some two hundred yards distant stood the mill, in an Arabian waste, as remote from corn as the traditionary mill of Buccleugh.

Here ended my marching; for next day being a rest, and the country being so unattractive,—moreover, not having been regularly sworn to the colors, I deserted, and made the best of my way to Potzdam. I should be grossly ungrateful not to mention the uniform urbanity and friendliness of all the officers with whom I came in contact—howbeit we were seldom on speaking terms (some who had even "been to Paris" did not speak French)—nay, a large proportion being Poles, I could not always call my best friends by their names. Of the men they commanded, common justice bids me say that not a single complaint was made against them, nor a punishment inflicted throughout the route. It is true that in Prussia, where every mother's son and husband must be a soldier, and every man's father or brother was, is, or will be, in the army, a kindliness and fellow-feeling will naturally prevail between the troops and those on whom they are quartered; but independent of this consideration, the good conduct of the men seemed in a great degree to be the result of their temperament and disposition. They bore their long and fatiguing marches with exemplary patience; none the less that every step brought them nearer to their homes in Poland and Silesia. One poor fellow, who had not been under the domestic roof

during nineteen years, was agitated by very conceivable feelings, and quite touched me by his recurring apprehensions that "he should not know his own good mother from any other woman!"

The fusileer who had acted *pro tempore* as my servant, with a manly frankness offered me his hand at parting, and respectfully expressed his good wishes for my future health and prosperity. Of course I gave him a solid acknowledgment of his services, but took especial care not to bid him "drink my health," having witnessed a whimsical proof of the force of discipline. The captain, then living at Ehrenbreitstein, one day made his servant a present of a dollar, at the same time saying metaphorically, "There's a bottle of wine for you." The soldier, however, took the words as a literal command—saluted, wheeled, marched off straight to the nearest wine-house, and in double quick time drank off a bottle, at a dollar—which, as he was of particularly temperate habits, took unusual effect, and sent home the obedient soldier to his astonished master as blind and staggering as Drunken Barnaby!

Thus ended my practical connection with the gallant Nineteenth. But I shall often recall my chance quarters—my provident morning foragings against a jour maigre—when a *searching* wind might have found a roll of bread-and-butter in one pocket, and mayhap a brace of cold pigeons in the other—the cheerful rendezvous—the friendly greetings—and the pic-nic by the road-side:—I shall often

hear in fancy the national "Am Rhein! Am Rhein!" chorussed by a hundred voices—the exciting charge, beaten at the steep hill or deep ground—and the spirit-stirring bugle, ringing amidst the vast pine woods of Germany!

Neither shall I forget the people at whose tables I had eaten, in whose dwellings I had lodged. Perhaps the force of blood had something to do with the matter, however distant the relationship, but my liking inclined particularly to the Saxons. Yet were the others good creatures to remember. Even in the desolate country I had lately passed through, the absence of all loveliness in the scenery had been atoned for by this moral beauty. Nature, scarcely kinder than a step-mother, had allotted to them a sterile soil and a harsh climate—the pecuniary dust was as much too scarce as other sorts of dirt were over plentiful—spoons were often deficient—occasionally even knives and forks—and at times their household wants were of a very primitive character—but the people were kind, honest, hearty, humble, well-disposed, anxious to please, and easily pleased in return. Their best cheer and accommodations were offered with pleasant looks and civil words, and I cannot recall a single instance of churlishness or cupidity.

As to Potzdam—it vividly reminded me of that city in the Arabian Nights, whereof the inhabitants were all turned into marble: at least, I am sure, that on entering it I saw far more statues than living figures. On my left, in the Palace garden, was a Neptune, with his suite, with-

out even the apology of a pond: farther off, a white figure, and a Prussian sentry, jointly mounting guard over a couple of cannon—on my right a dome, surmounted by a flying Mercury. But the grand muster was on the top of the Palace, where a whole row of figures occupied the parapet, like a large family at a fire waiting for the ladders. To my taste the effect is execrable. Silence, stillness, and solitude, are the attributes of a statue. Except where engaged in the same action, like Laocoön and his sons, I never care to see even two together. And why should they be forced into each other's company, poor things, blind, deaf, and dumb as they are, and incapable of the pleasures of society?

Possibly, in the absence of living generations, the great Frederick, like Deucalion, peopled his city with stones *ad interim;* for you cannot walk through its handsome streets so silent, and with so little stir of life, without feeling that it is a city built for posterity. Of course, I visited its shows; and first the Royal Palace, in which, next to the literary traces of Frederick, I was most interested by a portrait over a door, of Napoleon when consul, in which methought I traced the expression of an originally kind nature, and which the devotion and attachment he inspired in those immediately about him seemed to justify. But power is a frightful ossifier, and in many other instances has made a *Bony part* of the human heart. Sans Souci pleased me little, and the conceit of a statue of Justice so placed in the

garden, that Frederick at his writing-table "might always have justice in view," pleased me still less. His four-footed favorites lie near the figure; but whether the dogs were brought to Justice, or Justice went to the dogs, is not upon record. In short, Sans Souci inspired me with an appropriate feeling; for I left it without caring for it—and disappointed by even the famous statue of the Queen. The spirit of the place had infected it too. With much sweetness, and some beauty in the countenance, the face was so placid, the limbs so round, with such a Sans-Souci-ism in the crossed legs—an attitude a lady only adopts when most particularly at her ease—that instead of any remembrance of the wrongs and sufferings of the heart-broken and royal Louisa, my only sentiment was of regret, that so amiable, fair, and gentle a being had been called so prematurely (if, indeed, she were dead, and not merely asleep) from the enjoyment of youth, health, and happiness. The New Palace I shall like better when it is a very old one. You will think me fastidious, perhaps; but I saw nothing *very* extraordinary in the Peacock Island; nor yet in the Prince Royal's country-seat, except the boldness of attempting, in such a soil and such a climate, to imitate, or rather to parody—with pumpkins *pro* melons—an Italian villa.

The Garrison Church is hung with sculptured helmets, flags, and military trophies, appropriate enough for an Arsenal, but hardly fit "visible and outward signs of an inward and spiritual grace." The interior is well furnished,

too, with captured flags, and eagles, and graven lists of slain warriors; but it contains one very striking Ratification of Peace. Frederick the Great, and his most rumbustical royal father, who could never live together in the same house, are here tranquilly sleeping side-by-side under one roof! Somehow, I could not help thinking of the Grasshopper of the Royal Exchange coming to lie with the Dragon of Bow Church!

The king reviewed the 19th on its arrival, in front of the Old Palace. He stooped a little under his years; and, remembering his age, I could not help wishing that he would make a solemn gift to his people of their long, overdue Constitution. No monarch has been so practically taught the vicissitudes and uncertainty of human affairs; and his experience ought to urge him as far as possible to "make assurance doubly sure, and take a bond of fate." The benefits he has conferred on his subjects he ought to secure to them, by placing them in their own keeping: whereas, should he delay such an act of common prudence and common justice till too late, the world may reasonably infer that he was less anxious to perpetuate a system said to be marked by profound wisdom and paternal benevolence, than to transmit his absolute authority unimpaired to his successor.

There have been so many journals, ledgers, and waste-books written on Germany, that a description of the Prussian capital would relish as flat and stale, as a Berlin fresh

oyster. I shall, therefore, get over the ground a little quicker than a Droski, which is a peculiar vehicle, with a peculiar horse, with a peculiar pace. The truth is, that, contrary to the principle of our trotting-matches, he is backed at 20 groschen an hour, to go as few miles as possible in sixty minutes. In consequence, with as much apparent action as the second hand, he goes no faster than the short hand of the dial. The other day a butcher hired a Droski, to take him to a distant part of the city, for which he was charged 20 groschen by the driver, who appealed to his watch at the same time, owning that it perhaps went a little too fast. "In that case, then," replied the butcher, "I'll thank you, my friend, the next time you drive me, to put your watch in the shafts, and your horse in your pocket."

A judicious valet-de-place would first take a stranger in Berlin, to the Old Bridge, whereon stands the bronze Equestrian Statue of the Great Elector. Of which statue, by the way, it is told that the Jews, with their peculiar turn for speculation, offered to cover the court-yard of the Old Palace with dollars, in exchange for the verdigris on the figure: but, perhaps, fearing that they would scrape down the Great Elector into a little one, the bargain was declined. A judicious guide, I say, would place a stranger on the aforesaid Bridge, and then ask the gentleman which of the two Berlins he pleased to wish to see; for, in reality, there are two of them, the Old and the New.

Knowing your taste, Gerard, I should take you across an elegant iron bridge, to show you the beautiful front of the Museum: but I should be careful of taking you within it, lest we should not come out again, for it contains an almost matchless collection of the early Flemish School of Painting—such Van Eycks and Hemlincks!—to say nothing of a Titian's Daughter, not merely herself but the whole picture such an eye-bewitching *brunette*, that it still haunts me! Perhaps, in turning round to have another look at the façade of the Museum, you will run against an immense utensil, scooped out of a rock of granite; and, if you ask me what is its history, all I can say is, I believe it was the wash-hand basin of the Giant in the Castle of Otranto.

That modest-looking house, too small for the great stone helmets stuck along its front, is the private residence of the Soldier-King, who thence sees a little to the right his Arsenal, and to the left his Guard-house. The horse-shoe, nailed up at one of the first-floor windows, is not, as you might suppose, for luck, but in commemoration of being cast up through that very window at his Majesty—not by a two-legged regicide, but by an officer's charger—with what design, even Monsieur Rochow, and all his police, could never unriddle.

I have a ticket of admission for you, to the Arsenal—but stop!—look up at those two-and-twenty hideous colossal masks, representing the human face in all the various convulsions and agonies of a violent death! Was there

ever devised a series of decorations, remembering the place, in such bad taste,—nay, to speak mildly, in such unchristian, inhuman feeling? Why, Jack Ketch, out of respect to our flesh-and-blood sympathies, draws a cap over the face of his victims to hide their last writhings—and what is War, disguise it as we may under all its "pride, pomp, and circumstance," but a great wholesale executioner? Its horrors would be unendurable but for the dazzling Bengal Light called Glory that we cast on its deluge of blood and tears: but for the gorgeous flags we wave, like veils, before its grim and ferocious features—and the triumphant clangor of martial music with which we drown its shrieks and groans. But here we are disgustingly reminded of what we would willingly forget, that a Battle is a Butchery. Faugh! the place smells of the shambles! As yet we are only in the inner court, but we will go no farther. Those frightful masks shockingly illustrate that "War's a brain-spattering, windpipe-slitting art"—and who would care to see its murderous tools, however well-polished or tastefully arranged?

A cool walk under the fragrant Lindens is quite necessary to sweeten such associations. We will admire the Brandenburg Gate as much as you please; but the street, wide, and long, and handsome as it is, does not satisfy me. The houses want character—in short, as a picture, Prout could make nothing of it. But look, off with your hat!—no, not to that white-headed good old General,—but to

yonder carriage. It is not the king's, but contains a personage so in love with Absolutism, that one cannot help wishing him such a pure Despotism as was enjoyed by Alexander Selkirk:—

> "I am monarch of all I survey,
> My right there is none to dispute—
> Not a creature objects to my sway—
> I am Lord of the Fowl and the Brute!"

The persons of all ranks thronging up those steps are going to the Exhibition, and if you went with them you would see some Historical pictures, by German artists, well worthy of your admiration. In landscape they are not so strong: their views are deficient in what the moon wants, an atmosphere: to be sure the painters never saw one for the smoke; and, between ourselves, they have as little eye for color, as nose for smells. Finally, instead of a catalogue raisonné, or consulting Dr. Waagen, you may go to any pipe-shop to know which are the best, or at any rate the most popular pictures, by the miniature copies on the bowls. Painting is fashionable in Berlin; and has both royal and plebeian patrons. Look at the shutter, or flap, over that victualling cellar (akin to our London Shades) with a loaf, a bottle of beer, a glass, a cheese, and a dish of oysters, all painted to the still life! My heart leaps at it—and oh, would that I could make my voice reach to England and ring throughout its metropolis! Come hither, I would cry,

all ye still-life portrait-daubers—ye would-be painters and would-not-be glaziers—ye Unfine Artists

"Come hither, come hither, come hither!"

for here are Unfine Arts for you and Unfine Patrons! Here you may get bread and cheese for painting them; and beer and wine by drawing them. You need not speak German. Ye shall make *signs* for sausages, and they shall be put in your plates. Come hither! In England you are nobodies and nothings to nobodies—but here you shall be all Van Eycks and Hemlincks; at least you shall paint as they did, on shutters. Impartial hangers shall hang your works upon hinges, and not too high up, but full in the public gaze, in a good light, and when that is gone they shall show you "fiery off indeed" with lamplight and candle. Instead of neglect and omissions, here you shall have plentiful commissions. You shall take off hats, brush at boots and coats, and do perukes in oil; and whereas in England you would scarcely get one face to copy, you shall here take the portraits of a score of mugs!

One sight more, and we will finish our stroll. It is the Fish-market. Look at those great oval tubs, like the cooling-tubs in a brewery. They contain the living fish. What monstrous jack and carp!—and species strange to us,—and one grown almost out of knowledge—prodigious bream! You may look at them, but beware what you say of them, to that old woman, who sits near them in an

immense shiny black bonnet, very like a common coal-skuttle, for if you provoke her, no scold, on the banks of Thames, can be more fluently abusive and vulgarly sarcastic! Strange it is, and worthy of philosophical investigation; but so surely as horse-dealing and dishonesty go together, so do fish-fagging and vituperative eloquence. It would seem as if the powers of speech, denied to her mute commodity, were added to the natural gifts of the female dealer therein;—however, from Billingsgate to Berlin, every fishmonger in petticoats is as rough-tongued as a buffalo!

But farewell to the capital of Prussia. A letter of recall from my Uncle has just come to hand;—and I am booked again by the Eilwagen. Considering the distance, you will own that I have had a miraculously cheap ride hither, when I tell you that beside paying no turnpikes, I have disposed of my nag, at twenty shillings' loss, to a timid invalid, recommended to take horse exercise. I honestly warranted the animal sound, quiet, and free from vice: and have no doubt it will carry the old gentleman very pleasantly, provided he is not too particular as to the way he goes; for I shrewdly suspect, wherever soldiers may be marching, my late horse will be sure to follow in the same direction.

I have bought some black iron Berlin-ware for Emily, and with love to you both, am,

My dear Gerard,

Yours ever truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

EXTRACTS

FROM A LETTER TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

This is simply to announce my safe return to the banks of the Rhine. The rest of the family party met me at Mayence, and we returned together to Coblenz, quite enchanted with the scenery of one of the finest portions of the renowned river. The alleged reason for my recall was the lateness of the season; but I rather suspect my worthy Uncle is impatient to relate his observations and adventures to his old friends Bagshaw and the Doctor,—as my Aunt is eager to impart her wanderings to Miss Wilmot. Like other travellers they are longing to publish—and no doubt will talk quartos and folios when they return to Woodlands.

The changes I found in the family on my return, were almost as strange as those which so astonished Rip Van Winkle on awaking from his supernatural sleep. My Uncle was literally a new man. His warnings had had warning, and gone off for good: and he has now no more idea of dying than a man of twice his age:—a paradox in sound, but a philosophical truth. My Aunt, instead of perpetually reminding us that she is a disconsolate widow, has almost forgotten it herself: and it is only on a dull and very wet day that we hear of "poor George." Even Martha is altered for the better, for she is reconciled to her mistress, to herself, and to her old religion. The truth is, that her zeal

in the new one was so hot, that, like a fire with the blower on, it soon burnt itself out. Her mistress says, the re-conversion was much hastened by a very long procession, on a very warm day, which Martha accompanied, and returned dusty, dry, famished, and foot-sore, and rather sorry, no doubt, that she had ever given up her seat under the Rev Mr. Groger.

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You will be glad to hear that poor Markham has so won my Uncle's esteem, that the latter promises, between himself and Bagster, to take his affairs in hand and set them to rights. Markham, of course, is delighted; and the change in his own prospects makes him take much pleasanter views both of men and things.

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In short, Gerard, if you or any of your friends ever suffer from hypochondriasis, weak nerves,—melancholy—morbid sensibility—or mere ennui—let me advise you and them, as you value your lives, health and spirits—your bodies and your minds—to do as we have done, and go UP THE RHINE.

THE END.